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THE CAUSES AND REMEDIES OF LABOR UNREST

BY DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

I COME now to the question of labor unrest. I cannot conceive any question which is more important to the House to take cognizance of than this question. If this unrest continues the consequences will be grave to the trade and industry of this country, and if certain designs which some men harbor in this country had even a remote prospect of success, I cannot think of a more serious matter for the House of Commons immediately to concern itself with. There is no doubt of the unrest. It is not so easy to divine the causes. Some of the causes are legitimate, some are not. Let us consider those which are legitimate. In some respects the economic conditions of the country during the war have been better than during our lifetime. Wages have been higher, there has been no unemployment, there has been no distress, there has been no poverty comparable to that which existed before the war.

Still, there are special war conditions which have conduced to the unrest. Let us take them first. There is the strain of the last four and a half years. There is no doubt that nerves are rattled. Men have been working on the stretch for four and a half years, amid the tensest excitement and of all kinds of anxieties, working time and working overtime. Four and a half years of that is enough to produce a condition of things where men are not in their normal frame of mind when they come to consider any problem. Let us begin by remembering that, and by making allowance for it. I call that a legitimate cause, but it is a passing cause and a vanishing cause. It will grow less day by day.

What is the next? It is a genuine fear of unemployment. It is only workmen who have passed through times of unemployment who know the terrors of it, and what it means to their households. What is the other cause? Social conditions, against which there has been growing dissatisfaction, discontent, and revolt in the conscience and heart of the community, and the better educated the working classes become the deeper and stronger is their resentment at these social conditions, many of them involving human degradation. There is bad housing, there is overcrowding in many districts — you have only to read the reports which have been presented to this

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House many a time — overcrowding under conditions in which no decent and wise agriculturist would have herded his cattle. All this has been aggravated during the war through the special conditions of the war. You have had workmen crowding into areas, because there were special munition works there, already insufficiently supplied with houses, and no building possible. The ordinary building of the country has been at a standstill for five years. Men have crowded into these areas.

There is no doubt at all that even restrictions on the people's luxuries and amusements have helped, and all these are causes which have contributed to the unrest. I should like to say something about one or two of them, but I make this general observation first of all. In so far as there are legitimate causes of unrest, it is the business of the Government and the House of Commons to do its best to remove them, so as to give no justification for unrest, and so as not to give material for those who are exploiting that unrest. In individual cases we are dealing with them. In individual trades there is much more work being done in regard to hours of work and wages than perhaps the public knows of. In trades affecting 3,000,000 of the working people of this country, agreements have already been arrived at in regard to hours of labor. In trades affecting another 2,000,000 negotiations are still pending.

But there is a good deal to be said about a more general investigation into the whole causes of industrial unrest. The Government will welcome such an investigation, and will be glad to agree upon any method of investigation into the general causes which will be satisfactory to employed, to employers, and to the community at large. They have certain suggestions which they are prepared to put forward and to discuss on the proper occasion. There is, I think, an amendment to be moved on the subject of industrial unrest, and that might be the proper occasion to discuss these various suggestions. To take the question of social conditions. This Parliament is pledged up to the eyes to deal with them. There is not a member returned to this House who is not pledged to deal with these causes. My right honorable friend the member for Derby (Mr. Thomas), in the very brave and very wise speech which he delivered on Sunday, said he did not altogether trust this Parliament to carry out these pledges. I cannot imagine a graver indictment against any Government, or Parliament, than that. We have been given authority to deal with these matters, and the Government mean to do their best. I am confident Parliament will support them. If we fail, history will condemn not merely the *personnel* but the egregious folly of such a failure. Bills will be introduced, and introduced soon, to deal with housing, with health, with the development of the transport of the country, the revival of rural life, with land settlement for soldiers and others, and with reclamation and afforestation.

There is another very important statement made in the speech from the throne which I think ought to give assurance to those who are more diffident about the Government's intentions. That is, the statement that we propose to submit to the House of Commons certain recommendations for the improvement of procedure. I have always thought that the procedure of the House of Commons was devised not to promote but to impede legislation. I am certain that our present methods of examining legislation, having 600 men scrutinizing every line, every word, every comma for weeks, in

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the presence of the press, is a futile method of transacting business.

Why, anyone who has been trying to draft a document in a body of 15 or 20 will know that. It always ends in waste of time. As long as the House of Commons accepts the main outlines of the measure, it is fatal to business to insist upon every member of the House taking part in a close scrutiny of every word. That is not how great measures were passed; that is not the way to transact business. I am perfectly certain that Magna Charta would never have been carried if all the Barons had adopted the procedure of the House of Commons.

Coming to another point made by my right honorable friend, I do not believe that there is any fear of unemployment if we behave rationally and wisely, but if there is any attempt to reproduce the conditions which we have witnessed in Russia, where there is a deficiency of profitable employment, that would be indeed fatal to employment in this country. The heavy burdens of the war bear heavily on all classes and on all businesses, and that has got to be borne in mind when you are trying to start all classes of industry again in this country. I wish that fact to be borne in mind. If too many demands are not put forward by certain sections of the community, there is plenty of material for employment if all classes act with restraint and wisely. There was a very admirable passage in my honorable and gallant friend's speech in which he pointed out the arrears in all parts of the world which have not been supplied during the last four or five years in some of the essential ingredients of work throughout the various countries that constitute our markets. In railways, in textiles, in ships, in furniture, in buildings, there are great arrears. All these have got to be made up. There is no danger of unemployment if certain essential conditions of employment are adhered to.

What are those conditions? First of all, confidence must be given to those who are responsible for starting the wheels of industry and commerce. It is with difficulty we can get a move on. There is a great hanging back, because men do not quite know what is going to happen. There are so many doubtful conditions. And if men apprehend that an enterprise which they propose to start is going to be interrupted by some social upheaval they would rather not start. They know perfectly well that if they begin and something happens, and they are caught halfway, they would be ruined. Confidence, therefore, is essential to setting the wheels of industry and commerce going. Disturbance creates unemployment, aggravates unemployment, perpetuates unemployment. What is the second cause of possible unemployment? If the cost of production in this country becomes so high that it reduces the purchasing capacity of the community as a whole, or puts us out of the markets of the world — and both will happen if the cost of production is too high — that means disastrous unemployment. That is why one individual trade cannot be considered without reference to the rest, and I should like all sections of the community to bear that in mind at the present moment. A great increase in the cost of some essential ingredients like coal or transport may easily destroy our chance of restarting our great export industry. We are a great exporting country. I believe we exported before the war something like £1,000,000,000 worth of goods of all sorts. It was a gigantic trade. It used to be computed that half of that was wages. Most of that trade was conducted on a narrow margin. A little change, this way or that way, would have given the trade to

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someone else. Four shillings a ton on coal, or shillings added for some other ingredients, whether it be shipping or other transport, or in some other way, may deprive us of hundreds of millions of trade in all parts of the world. What does that mean to employment? It means throwing hundreds of thousands of men out of work. I am not sure that it might not run to millions. Would the miners gain by that in the end? No one can consider individual trades without reference to their bearing upon other trades, and when we talk about unemployment, we have got to bear in mind those two essential considerations.

It is a great mistake to imagine that there is an inexhaustible reservoir of profit that you can dip into at any moment without burdening any trade or business. There is no better illustration than the railways. At the beginning of the war the railways of this country were making a profit of £50,000,000, which produced a dividend of under four per cent. That is not a very extravagant return for capital, a great deal of it invested by small people. It is not invested in big sums as a rule. What has happened since the war? Owing to increases in one thing or another, in wages, curtailment of the hours of labor, and increased cost of material, we have added £90,000,000 to the cost of running the railways. Where is the fund of profit there? It is all gone. Who is to make it up? The first-class passenger will not produce much if you double or treble his fare. Every railway manager knows that. We have to get it from the consumer in some way or other — from your third-class passenger, your goods, your food. That is the only way to get it. I only want every section of the community when it puts forward demands, to bear these essential facts in mind, that all these demands are passed on to someone else, and that there is a stage where if you pass them on they crowd on top of some poor industry that can barely march now, and it is crushed. That means unemployment for somebody.

There is a theory that one way of providing employment is by reducing the hours of labor, so that there will be enough work to go round at the same wages. Reduce the hours of labor to what is legitimate and what is fair and possible, but to reduce them merely in order to create employment for exactly the same wage is the one way to make unemployment over the whole country. I should have thought that that stood to reason; it is really so elementary. It increases the cost of a particular commodity which a trade is producing, that commodity is an ingredient in something else; if you put up the price you diminish the purchasing capacity, and if you diminish the purchasing capacity you diminish employment. Not only that, but, as I have pointed out, you destroy the overseas trade upon which this country depends more than any country in the world. I would despair if the working classes of the country did not realize that elementary fundamental principle. But I am sure they do. You may by this process gain something which looks like a big wage, but in the end you increase the cost of everything. See what happened in Russia. The workers there seemed to be getting sumptuous wages. They ran up to the most splendid figures, but when they went into a shop with these wages, what could they buy for them? Go there with a £5 note and you will buy as much as you could buy here very often for 1*s.* 6*d.* What is the good of wages being increased for those people? Puffed up wages which look good on paper — and they are paper — as if the working classes at last were coming into their

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own. They are being cheated by that system at every step, and they are beginning to discover it. There are legitimate means by which the Government can assist employment. Take the housing problem. My right honorable friend asked me a question about what we were doing. He ventured to say that not one single step had been taken. He is quite misinformed. As a matter of fact, the Ministry of Supplies has already taken the most gigantic steps to prepare for the housing programme. They have ordered material on a very considerable scale which will provide employment — bricks, windows, and doors and all the material which is essential for the building of houses. That is one method. There is the development of the ways of communication which will open up the resources of the country. That will provide legitimate employment while it enriches the country at the same time. There are projects like afforestation and settlement on the land which provides for the healthiest means of employment which any State can provide for its people in the greatest industry in the land.

Then as to the causes of this unrest — I am bound to be frank with the House. One of them was dealt with by my right honorable friend, and I am not going to deal with them all. There is the sedulous attempt which has been made for years to undermine confidence in trade union leaders. Why? It has produced indiscipline which is often beyond the control of the trade union; it has almost made collective bargaining impossible. And I cannot conceive anything more fatal to the industrial life of this country. A trade union leader acquires in the course of years knowledge and experience in the course of his business; more than one side and one aspect is forced upon his vision, and he gets to know things which otherwise would never have been brought to his notice. Knowledge and experience give responsibility, and the moment they exercise that responsibility they are attacked. Their influence in undermined, distrust and suspicion creep over them, and the result is distrust where there ought to be confidence, and it is almost impossible to do business in some trades. I have had some experience of it. Why is this done? It is done undoubtedly by some for the very reason that anarchy is the only thing that can follow — and that is what they are after. Anarchy is their aim, and anarchy is the purpose of some of those men who are seeking to destroy, not merely trade unionism, but the State.

There are certain trades on the continuous working of which success in the war was dependent. If they suspended their activities for a month it might, I will not say have produced disaster for England, but it would have seriously impaired our chance of success. The leaders of those trades knew that, and they behaved with a patriotic restraint which does them honor. Now that the war is over the sense of power remains in those trades, but the peril which produced that restraint is over. There are men in those trades at present who are undoubtedly urging their leaders to use the power which they have got to hold up business. We had some very strong words about that from my right honorable friend. I have one or two words to say about that on behalf of the Government. Every demand which is put forward by any body of workmen the Government are bound to examine, and they will examine it fairly and carefully, with a view to removing any legitimate grievance and to redress any unfairness or inequalities. But any demand which is pressed forward with a view, not to obtaining fair conditions, but with

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ulterior motives — to hold up and to overthrow the existing order and to destroy government, relying not upon the justice of the claim, but the brute force which is behind it, then may I say as to that, on behalf of the Government, in all solemnity, we are determined to fight Prussianism in the industrial world exactly as we fought it on the Continent of Europe, with the whole might of the nation. Whether it be employers or employed, when anybody uses force in order to drive an unfair bargain with the communtiy, we are bound to fight that with the whole might of the nation, or we cease to be a government.

I have already indicated that the first thing we have got to do is to get peace. You will not get settlement in the world until you have peace. These disturbances are interfering with the making of peace, and they are making it difficult to make peace. Every morning before I went to the Peace Conference I had messages from London about a strike, and when I returned in the evening about another strike — trade union leaders thrown over and bargains repudiated, and, I do not mind saying it, I think it would have been to the advantage of the Peace Conference if I had been able to remain there for a few days longer. These disturbances are promoting the very evils which they are supposed to be intended to work against and to get rid of — they are making peace difficult.

I really appeal to men of all sections to consider seriously the effect of demands which are made upon the community merely upon the strength of force behind them. I know the perils, I know the dangers, and I have carefully reckoned the cost, and I say deliberately that if the people of this country are prepared to face both the peril and the cost with the courage, endurance, and patience which they have exhibited in the face of an equally great enemy, and if all classes of the community are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices for the security and freedom of industry on which the future of this land and the happiness of its people really depend, then I am prepared to say with full knowledge that no section of the community, however powerful it may be, can or will be allowed to hold up the whole nation. Claims we will examine, and we will devote the whole of our strength to setting right and redressing all legitimate grievances. But I appeal to the common sense of all sections of the community so that the victory won so largely by the heroism and the tenacity of this great nation in five years of sacrifice shall not be wantonly dissipated in a few weeks of frenzied strife.

The Times

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FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY

THE GREAT DEBATE

M. Pichon (Minister for Foreign Affairs): M. Franklin-Bouillon has just made a passionate indictment, as he usually does, not only against French, but also against Allied policy. It is Allied policy which I am going to defend. (Hear, hear.)

The Government takes credit to itself for having always loyally served the policy of the Alliance, while at the same time it endeavored, often successfully, to make its own views prevail. It believes that it has thus rendered signal service to the country, on the eve of the opening of peace negotiations and before a conference, where it is above all things important that Allied policy should triumph. (Cheers.)

I want, in the first place, to dispel the error which would be made were there to be attributed to the Government any intention of refusing systematically to discuss diplomatic questions, or of answering by silence the questions addressed to it.

Nothing is further from our thoughts. But we cannot help it if, by the force of circumstances, all diplomatic questions are at this moment inter-Allied questions. We cannot, therefore, answer them with the same freedom as in normal times. (Cheers.)

Peace raises every problem simultaneously; it raises the problem of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, of America, and of Oceania.

I am, indeed, obliged to confess that every State is interested in these questions. Under these circumstances, how can you expect us to answer all the questions asked of us, without betraying the secret of negotiations which are not our property?

The Government asks the Chamber to understand the reserve which is imposed on it. (Hear, hear.) I can assure the Chamber that on every question the Government holds definite opinions and has considered solutions, and that the negotiations for the meeting of the conference are being carried on under excellent conditions. We shall not be taken unawares at any point, and we shall be able to maintain in the peace, that agreement between the Allies, which has brought us victory and which will bring to the world that peace of justice which is, indeed, its due after so many sufferings and sacrifices. (Cheers.)

All the interests of France will be defended by us as they ought to be, from the territorial, economic, and financial point of view.

The visits which we are receiving from the heads of States and from sovereigns show the prestige which we enjoy throughout the whole world and the importance which these nations attach to our friendship with them. (Cheers.)

Never has our country's position been better, grown great as it has in the opinion of all by the part it has taken in the war. (Cheers.)

M. Cachin* has asked me what our opinion is on the question of the publication of the agreements which are preparatory to the conference. We see

*Moderate Socialist.

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no objection to their publication. (Hear, hear.)

M. Bracke * has questioned us on the League of Nations. We have accepted the principle of this League of Nations and we shall work for its effective realization. (Hear, hear.)

M. Bracke has also asked us to show ourselves clearly opposed to the policy of annexations.

M. Viollette: † And the German demobilization?

The Minister (continuing): Neither with regard to territorial frontiers, nor in any other respect, must the Germany of to-morrow be the Germany of yesterday. The world must be forearmed against a renewal of such provocations and attempts as ended in the bloody drama from which we emerge so cruelly mutilated. (Hear, hear.)

The disappearance of Austria creates a problem which we must look at from every point of view, without exaggerating its gravity.

The complete collapse of the Danube Monarchy has been such as to surpass all prophecies; but the Empire of the Hapsburgs has deserved its fate. For ten years it was the Power which most threatened the peace of Europe. It almost provoked a war in 1908, at the time of the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, and possibly it was the intervention of France which preserved peace. In 1913 it tried to profit by difficulties in the Balkans to provoke a new conflict, and this would have succeeded if it had not been for Italy's desire for peace. Lastly, in 1914, it at last declared war, after that assassination at Sarajevo over which there still hangs so much mystery. Finally, Austria, in the course of the present war, has not ceased to be the accomplice and faithful ally of Germany. Do not let us pity her; even those who used to believe in the usefulness of her existence as a counterpoise, and who to-day realize the emptiness of this idea, do not regret her downfall.

Of the Empire of the Hapsburgs there remain but a weak German part and a Hungary purely Magyar. But there have arisen out of it nations full of life, united to the Allies: Bohemia and the Jugo-Slav State (cheers), and also Poland, reconstituted together with its German and Austrian parts into one State, to whose resurrection the Allies have pledged themselves by a common agreement. (Cheers.) And we have the right to say that it is we who first worked——

M. Jean Longuet: And yet you were not in agreement on this point with Russia two years ago!

The Foreign Minister: We desire, then, a Poland restored as a whole [*intégralement*], with free access to the sea. And we are pursuing our efforts towards this end, in agreement with the National Polish Committee,* recognized as a regular Government by all the Allies. And to-day, in answer to certain accusations, I desire to bring to the notice of this House the proof that to this National Committee adhesions are coming in from all sides. Russian Poland considers it to be her representative (exclamations and protests from the extreme Left). The German Poles have entrusted their interests to it. The Populist Party in Galicia has done the same (fresh exclamations). We have agreed to, and even suggested, the journey to France of the representative of General Pilsudski, who forms the Government of Warsaw, and we hope for an early and complete agreement among all the elements which ought to coöperate in reëstablishing Poland! It is we, again, who were the first to set on foot the resurrection of Bohemia (cheers); we first

* Socialist.
† A member of the Right.

* In Paris.

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recognized the Czecho-Slovak State. Masaryk, Kramar, Bénès, and we created the Czecho-Slovak army. Moreover, it was to the strains of the 'Marseillaise' that the first regiment of the Czech army made its entrance into Prague with the representative of France, the sole representative of the Allies, and I have here the moving speech addressed by M. Kramar to the French Minister, M. Clément-Simon, which ends with these words: 'Tell France, lovely and rejoicing, from us, how we love her, and how we desire to prove to her our gratitude and our loyalty.' (General and prolonged cheers.) The Jugo-Slav State has been constituted under the direction of the Serbs and of the Karageorgevitch dynasty; for the Allies it is a considerable reinforcement of power and a new guaranty of security. (Cheers.)

There remains the question of the Germans of Austria. It is a serious one. It must not frighten us. We have the means of solving it in such a way that it will not bring to Germany the compensations for which she hopes. In settling the new situation the Allies will strictly reduce German power and will deprive her of the possibility of finding in the Austrian populations what she will have lost through the consecration of our victory. But this victory must be translated into the exercise of all our right to deprive our enemies of the possibility of imperiling the world's security.

M. Renaudel: * What if the Austrians wish of their own accord to be incorporated in Germany?

The Minister: Do you not believe that victory gives rights over the vanquished? (Loud protests from the extreme Left.)

M. Jean Longuet: And yet M. Clemenceau told us: 'Be strong in order to be just.'

* Leader of the French Socialist Party.

The Minister: The Bulgarian defeat will procure for our Serb, Greek, and Rumanian brothers the fulfillment of their hopes, and this will increase in that part of Europe the freedom which is based on friendships firmly cemented in the course of this war.

Turkey has no less deserved her fate. It depended entirely on herself whether she was to escape the lot which has now been reserved for her.

We had only friendly feelings for the Turks, and we had shown them those feelings while protecting the peoples enslaved under the Ottoman Empire and over whom we had secular rights. These rights, in Syria, the Lebanon, Cilicia, and in Palestine, arise out of historical titles, agreements, and contracts.

M. Cachin: The Syrians demand their freedom: that is the contract.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: These rights are also based on the aspirations and wishes of the populations which have been our clients for a long time.

Doubtless, we recognize the complete liberty of the conference and its right to give to these agreements their proper conclusion. But these agreements continue to bind England and ourselves, and the rights which they recognize are already acquired as between England and ourselves. (Interruptions.)

M. Cachin: Your interpretation does not agree with that of M. Aristide Briand. (Interruptions.)

M. Aristide Briand: There can be no two interpretations.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: I said the other day that I had exerted myself, both in the question of our Eastern frontier and on the subject of our secular rights in Asia Minor, to obtain a preliminary settlement of questions between the Allies in such a way that there should be no discus-

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sion between them at the conference table.

These agreements will be submitted to the conference and discussed there. But it is quite certain that, unless she disowns her word, England will ratify them, as she has signed them. (Hear, hear.)

M. Cachin: Are these rights acquired rights, yes or no?

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: Yes, as between England and ourselves. (Interruptions.) We cannot be indifferent to the lot of unhappy Armenia, ever exposed to fresh misfortunes. We shall address ourselves to our Allies with confidence and with the firm intention of maintaining our claims.

On the subject of Africa, the conference will examine the question of the German colonies, which will be put by England and by ourselves.

We shall also have to free ourselves in Morocco from those international restrictions which were a result of the conference of Algeciras. (Loud cheers.)

Besides all these problems, there is one which we could not neglect from any point of view; I mean the Russian question.

Russia, our Ally, withdrew from the war by the act of the Bolshevik Government to which she is submitting. It caused her withdrawal by tearing up all treaties and all contracts (cheers); after that it signed a shameful treaty which delivered her to Germany and Austria-Hungary.

This treaty we, on our part, have forced Germany and Austria-Hungary to tear up. (Loud cheers.) How could we, our Allies and ourselves, have remained unmoved in the face of an act which had the effect of an incalculable victory for our enemies? The idea of hesitation never for a moment entered our minds.

All that we have been doing in Russia against the Bolsheviki during the past year, we have been doing against the Germans. (Cheers.) Is it said that we had no policy? Are we asked why we had troops at Archangel, at Mourmansk, at various points in Siberia? It was in order to prevent the return of German troops to the Western front; it was also in order to prevent the seizure of Russia by Germany, to save the Czecho-Slovaks, to allow those Russian groups which had remained loyal to the Allies to organize themselves and to struggle against ruin and anarchy, the consequences of which might spread to ourselves.

Nothing of all this constitutes an intervention contrary to the rights of Russia, and we shall exercise no pressure on any Russian citizen to force him to choose one Government rather than another. But we shall defend in Russia our rights which have been violated by the Bolsheviki. (Cheers.)

What has been the result of these operations? What may be their development? At Mourmansk and Archangel, where over twenty thousand men are stationed under the command of an English general, we have succeeded in cutting off from the Bolsheviki a district which serves as a base for access to Russia from the North. We are established there on a good understanding with a Socialist Government devoted to the Entente.

We, therefore, have possibilities of action, on the day when this shall become necessary, in a country where many of our nationals are imprisoned and threatened with death. (Loud cheers.)

In Siberia, where General Jánin is in command of the Allied Forces to the East of Baikal, we have destroyed the Austro-German and Bolshevik army on the River Amur.

Connected operations have cleared

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the Trans-Siberian Railway up to the Urals, allowing us to reinforce the Ural front, and have facilitated the creation in Siberia of governmental organisms at Ufa, at Omsk. . . .

M. Franklin-Bouillon: The members of these governments are all in prison. Your information is deplorable. (Interruptions.) You are reading a note sent you by your Department! (Continued interruptions.)

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: What do you say?

M. Georges Clemenceau (Premier and Minister for War): They are telling you that you are reading a note from your Department, which you cannot control. Answer.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: This note has been written by the Russian branch of the Foreign Ministry; it is based on documents furnished by the Ministry of War.

M. Franklin-Bouillon: Do you know that the men of whom you speak were arrested at Omsk three weeks ago by Admiral Koltchak?

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: The Government of Ufa, reconstituted at Omsk under the Presidency of Admiral Koltchak, daily receives numerous adhesions not from among the Bolsheviki, but from among their adversaries, loyal friends of the Entente.

M. Franklin-Bouillon: We are not discussing that. You are giving us inaccurate information. (Sensation.)

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: The Russo-Czech Ural Front is being held to the East of Perm. A telegram which I received this morning brought me news that the Russian forces, supported by us, have taken Perm; they took eighteen thousand prisoners, sixty guns, and eleven thousand trucks. (Interruptions and exclamations on the extreme Left.)

A Russian army, commanded by General Denikin, has its headquarters at Ekaterinodar; it is in touch with our Eastern army.

A Member of the extreme Left: Denikin is a Tsarist!

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: He was a friend of Korniloff, who was not a Tsarist, and whose want of success we regretted. The total number of his men amounts to one hundred thousand; he is provisioned by the Allies.

We have made a landing at Odessa, and the English are at Batum. (Interruptions on the extreme Left.)

M. Longuet: How many killed have you had at Odessa?

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: General Berthelot has reformed the Rumanian army; Rumanian territory has been evacuated by the Germans; a Bratianu Ministry, favorable to the Entente, has been constituted by King Ferdinand. Every favorable factor is organizing itself in South Russia with a view to the action which they may there have to take. (Interruptions on the extreme Left.)

A Member of the extreme Left: It is war beginning all over again.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: This action is, in particular, defined by the instructions of the Premier to our Generals. 'The inter-Allied action,' M. Clemenceau wrote to them on December 13, 'has no offensive character. It aims at cutting off from the Bolsheviki access to the Ukraine, the Caucasus, and Eastern Russia (interruptions on the extreme Left), at constituting and at maintaining a defensive front to protect these districts. If an offensive effort becomes necessary to destroy Bolshevism, it ought to be made by Russian forces. It is a matter of importance that the Russians should clearly understand this necessity. Our help has as its sole aim to assure them of material superiority over the Bolsheviki,' (Applause from many parts of the House.)

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In a telegram of the 21st, M. Clemenceau added: 'The Allied plan is to form an economic ring round Bolshevism. . . .' (Interruptions on the extreme Left.)

M. Longuet: It's abominable!

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: Progress can only be slow and gradual for reasons connected with military strength. The Allied Governments mean in any case not to intervene in the internal policy of Russia. Their only aim is to help Russia materially to emerge from anarchy. . . . (Applause from many of the benches — interruptions on the extreme Left.)

M. Boussenot: How many men have you available for carrying out all this?

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: The opening of the Black Sea —— (Interruptions on the extreme Left.)

The President (Speaker): Do at least respect freedom of discussion. Without that Parliament cannot exist. (Cheers.)

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: The opening of the Black Sea allows us to penetrate into the Ukraine.

The moment may have come for us to take the place of the Germans there and to aid in the creation of a Ukrainian army destined to oppose the Bolsheviki.

Such is our policy. It was decided in absolute agreement with all the Allies. It would be impossible to pursue any other, except at the risk of finding ourselves alone.

On one side of this House there is great tenderness for Bolshevism —— (Interruptions on the extreme Left.)

M. André Lebey: No! No!

M. Marcel Cachin: Point!

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: Attempts are always being made to find excuses for it. I am surprised at that, for when I receive the most revolutionary Socialists from Russia it is they who paint the most sombre picture of the Bolshevik régime.

There is not a single man returning from Russia who does not try to put us on our guard against this terrible danger. . . .

M. Jean Longuet: That is an absolute mistake. (Loud interruptions.) There are officers who have said the opposite. You know it.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: Let us face the facts: a peace, made in the remainder of the world and leaving Russia in a state of civil war with a hideous and abominable Government (loud and prolonged applause), would be no durable peace, would be no peace of justice. (Loud applause.)

What is the Bolshevik Government? (Interruptions from the extreme Left.)

M. Renaudel: We are not for Bolshevism, but we are not for your formula of intervention.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: According to the report handed to me, the actual Government at Moscow rules solely by terror; thousands of prisoners are shot without trial ——

M. Marius Valette: It was the same in 1793.

The President (Speaker): We cannot in this House allow the French revolution, which saved the country, to be compared with the Bolshevik Government. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

A voice from the extreme Left: You are not fair.

The President: The convention is being insulted, and I defend it. (Loud applause.)

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: Since a comparison has been attempted between the French revolution and Bolshevism, I will relate something to you, and you may tell me whether anything similar happened among ourselves.

Prince Lvoff was imprisoned and threatened with death by the Bolsheviki. He was in a cell next to that in which were the members of the Rus-

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sian Imperial family. The Bolsheviki put the Tsar, the Tsarina, their children, and their suite in a single room, making them sit side by side; they stabbed them with bayonets, and on the next day murdered them by revolver shots so thoroughly that the whole room was a sea of blood. (Sensation.) This is what I was told by Prince Lvoff. (Interruptions from the extreme Left.)

Is there anything to compare with this in our revolution?

I continue. All liberty is suppressed, as much for the workers and the peasants as for the bourgeois. The voice of the nation is wholly stifled. This despotism, more terrible than Prussian militarism, and supported by a handful of fanatics, is causing an appalling famine and leading the country to complete ruin. Many French and English subjects are imprisoned and ill-treated; the Poles, the Jugo-Slavs, the Czechs are tortured and assassinated. The Government has acted as a real ally of Germany against us and has joined the ranks of our enemies.

If Germany could find once more in the East that favorable field for expansion and for her methods of exploitation which she intended to reserve to herself by her agreement with Bolshevism, this would be for us a danger which would destroy the advantages of our victory.

Our policy aims at averting this danger. (Interruptions from the extreme Left.)

The President: Allow him to speak. These continual interruptions are intolerable!

M. Lauche: Why does the President have political opinions?

The President: I am enforcing respect for liberty of speech.

M. Lauche: We regret the attitude you took up just now. It is impossible to attempt to represent us as unpatriotic. (Interruptions from Left and Right.) The President's duty is to see that there is fair play; but we have now been insulted. We are not Bolsheviki. (Loud applause from Left, Centre, and Right.) Only, in our Party, although there are certain differences of opinion, there is one thing on which the Party is united: we want no armed intervention in Russia. (Loud applause from the extreme Left.) You ought, M. President, to take into account the information given us here, and when certain facts are told us, you can understand that we are excited and disquieted at seeing the Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee challenge certain documents furnished by the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The President (Speaker): I should despise myself and I should be unworthy of the office with which you have invested me had I any thought of showing disrespect towards a member of this House. I rose when a comparison was made between the National Convention, which saved France, and the Bolshevik Government: that is all. (Loud applause.)

M. Marcel Sembat: If you would be good enough to reread the pages of your colleague of the Academy, M. Taine, you might possibly hold a different opinion.

The President (Speaker): There I recognize the spirit of our colleague, M. Sembat. He will excuse me if I cannot enter on this controversy with him at the present moment.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: Our policy has never varied; it aims at being practical, and those who would substitute another for it, would not have the support of any of our Allies. We are in agreement with them, and we have every reason to congratulate ourselves thereon. That is what we are doing in organizing the conference, and our action is necessary for France and for the peace of the world. The great

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lesson of union taught by the war should bear its fruit in the peace. (Hear, hear.)

It is in this spirit that our delegates go to the Congress. Just now, M. Franklin-Bouillon said: 'Must the Government's policy want foresight? It has not yet announced the names of the peace negotiators.' I answer that no Allied Government has yet done so.

The Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee: That is a mistake.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: I repeat that the Entente has not yet settled on the number of negotiators. There have already been conversations on this subject; they could not be continued, and no procedure has been finally decided upon.

The Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee: Do you not know that there arrived certain delegates at the same time as President Wilson? And because you do not to-day know the number of all the delegates officially, you pretend not to know their names. I regret it exceedingly.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: It may be that the United States has named delegates. Their names have not been officially notified to us.

The Premier: Nor yet semi-officially.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs: This being so, you have given us our powers in the choice of representatives; this choice is a matter for the Government, and for the House, a question of confidence in the Government. (Loud applause from a great many benches.)

Le Temps

THE SPARTACAN UPRISING THROUGH GERMAN EYES

THE Imperial Chancery was the storm centre of the Spartacus revolution. The Socialist government established itself here on November 9. The Spartacans' main object was to capture the place; and from this point the defense of Berlin and the rescue of the capital from Spartacus terrorism were conducted. The Imperial Chancery, it will be recalled, is in Wilhelmstrasse just before you reach Wilhelmsplatz. It is not on the same street line with other official buildings of Berlin, Government Avenue, but is separated from the street by a court in front. This old palace of simple design, dating from the first half of the eighteenth century, was Bismarck's official residence and the place where he designed and carried out those policies as the first Imperial Chancellor of Germany, which made that country great and respected. The Berlin Congress, a visible indication of Germany's leadership in Europe, occurred here. During the days of the recent revolt, when the guns were thundering in the street battles without, the question often arose in one's mind, 'What would Bismarck say if he were to come back here now?'

All the successors of Bismarck occupied the same building. Its rooms were the abode of aristocratic silence. The footsteps were rendered noiseless by the thick carpets. The visitor received by the Imperial Chancellor mounted respectfully and somewhat timidly a small stairway to one side, which led

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to the working room of the first official of the Empire. Behind the palace is a beautiful garden with well-kept lawns and thrifty old trees, forming a green island in the ocean of stone about it. It is a place of peace and quiet in the turmoil of Berlin traffic. It was a favorite promenade place for William II and his chancellors during Imperial conferences. The street fighting began Monday, January 6. During the previous night the Spartacans had seized the *Vorwärts* building and the publishing houses of the great bourgeois newspapers. Early Monday great crowds of Spartacans joined by Independent Socialists gathered in the Zoölogical Garden to protest against the removal of the Spartacan chief of police, Eichhorn. The Spartacus Union demanded in its official organ, *Die Rote Fahne*, and in unnumbered handbills that the workers should seize arms. Force was to be employed to overthrow the government that had deposed Eichhorn, who had been expelled from office because the administration did not think it was the duty of a police chief to excite revolts and provide weapons for revolters. The Spartacus Union was to wipe out in blood the sins of the government against this innocent man. The protesting mob marched through the dignified avenues of the quarter around the Zoölogical Garden. The procession was disquietingly long. It lasted at least a half hour and might have numbered 12,000 to 15,000 people. That was a small fraction of the hundreds of thousands of workers in Berlin, but they represented 50,000 men ready for anything and, therefore, constituted a formidable power. The residents along these avenues watched the procession from their windows with misgivings. The column was well disciplined. There was almost military order. It was formed in sections, each having its leader, who marched in front and led the cheering. At short intervals each leader gave out the cry which embodied the grogramme of the procession: 'Down with the Ebert-Scheidemann Government'; 'Down with the murderers'; 'Down with the bloodhounds'; (the last two references are to the recent fighting with the sailors). Then again, 'Long live Liebknecht'; 'Long live Eichhorn'; 'Long live the international world revolution.' The leader, as I say, would give the principal call, the detachment marching behind him would repeat in chorus three times, 'Down!' 'Down!' 'Down!' or 'Long live!' 'Long live!' 'Long live!' The shouts would pass down the whole column, so that the whole city rang with the ill-boding cry of 'Down!' 'Down!' 'Down!' Banners bearing mottoes directed against the government floated over the columns. Innumerable red flags fluttered along its length. For the rest, a Spartacus procession resembles all other labor demonstrations that have paraded the streets of Berlin so many times since the 9th of November. The adherents of the violent Spartacus Union do not differ in external appearance from other peaceful workmen. This peaceful appearance is increased by the participation of numerous women and girls. Only at rare intervals was a civilian noted with a rifle slung to his shoulder. More ominous was a machine gun carried on the shoulders of four soldiers. The great number of young people excites attention. Only here and there, however, does one see a really threatening countenance. Lenine is reported to have said once: 'Among 100 Bolsheviki there are one idealist, 29 criminals, and 70 fools.'

At noon the Spartacan machine gun began firing from Wilhelmstrasse at the Imperial Chancery. The storm had started. The government of Ebert and Scheidemann was to be driven out with

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rifles and cannon, and Liebknecht, Ledebour, and Rosa Luxemburg were to be installed in their place in the former residence of Bismarck. The first attack was driven off, as were all subsequent assaults repeated so many times that day and the days following. The government had placed a strong military guard about its official residence, the strength of which increased with every moment that the uprising continued. Only at the outset were there worried days and nights. The garrison was small, the enemy numerous and desperate. During the night especially one listened to the rattle of machine guns, to hand grenades exploding like the shot of cannon, and to the rattle of rifle volleys, wondering whether the Spartacans might not be on the point of rushing the Imperial Chancery. Then morning comes and with it renewed confidence. The Imperial Chancery had been converted into a fortress. The iron gateway opening into Wilhelmstrasse was closed. Soldiers in steel helmets with hand grenades in their belts stood on guard. No one could pass who was not identified and approved. On either hand in the front court yard was a 7.5 centimetre cannon with shells lying handy. Across the path was a machine gun with ribbons of cartridges ready to use. When the danger seemed exceptionally great, the windows over the main entrances opened and a loaded machine gun peered through. The palace of Prince Frederick Leopold lying directly opposite is also occupied by government troops, whose steel helmets are visible at every window. If the Spartacans could have seized that, the Imperial Chancery would have been untenable within an hour. In the fore court of the chancery are numerous autos. There are ordinary touring cars for officials, heavy military army trucks, ambulances with Red Cross flags. We listen at the entrance. New guards are being stationed. People seeking admission are being inspected. Business is lively in the entrance hall. People are constantly coming and going. Reports are coming in. Orders are going out. Delegations come to the government. Now and then one of the five people's commissioners appears. They are all in good spirits, but calm, and if a little pale, this is only due to their tremendous labors since they took over the government and to the excitement of the last few days. None of them knows whether he will be alive to-morrow but none shows any concern. On the other hand, there is no heroic posing. They are men doing their duty and nothing else. They spend day and night at the Imperial Chancery and sleep two in the same room, for the accommodations are limited. Scheidemann and one of his secretaries occupy the great double bed of the chancellor and his wife. Scheidemann protests angrily that he does not snore. Only Landsberg is venturesome enough to go home through the crowded streets every night in spite of the Spartacans and in spite of the fact that he is easily identified by his remarkable red beard. He spends each night at his suburban home. The military guards intermingle with official business. They take their posts, passing through the vestibule with heavy steps. Two young aviation officers with rifles act as door men. During the fighting around the Brandenburg gate an officer appears from without bringing good news: 'I have cleared the Linden and captured a machine gun, but I need riflemen; you come and you and you.' Every man with a rifle must out to the field of battle. The Editor of *Vorwärts*, Kuttner, bobs up. He is serving at the head of a volunteer corps which he organized in the capture of Brandenburg gate, which the Spartacans had seized

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at the beginning of the fight and from which they kept Unter den Linden and the Zoölogical Garden under fire from their machine guns. Kuttner's volunteers had fought their way to the Brandenburg gate in skirmish order and captured it by storm. Now they are resting at the Reichstag building after their heavy labors and their leader comes to the Imperial Chancery to get food for his men. He is fearfully worn and has not slept for several days. He is also worried as to whether his editor-in-chief will approve of his military exploits. Soldiers are at hand in every court of the building and every room that can be spared. The little garden parlor on the ground floor has been made a sentry office. Rifles lean against the silk tapestry. Sailors are sleeping on the floor. The housekeeper's heart bleeds. Suddenly the waiters begin to carry the easy chairs with their brocaded silk upholstering out of the room. The soldiers become furious. We hear their voices thundering through the corridors. 'We are not going to let our chairs go. What are we to sit on?' (We have toned down the language from the military form to that permissible in newspapers.) The noise becomes so loud that the government interferes and the servants are soon returning the chairs to their former place. As soon as they come back, harmony is restored.

The commander of the garrison of the Imperial Chancery is Sergeant Suppe. For this reason the word 'Suppe-garde' has become current, and still presents a riddle to those who do not understand. The 'Suppe-garde' was small in numbers (fearfully small the first days), but their commander has kept them well in hand and resisted every attack. He spreads confidence wherever his lofty form appears. 'Don't get nervous, gentlemen; don't get nervous.' History does not record anything that has discomfited Suppe for a moment. A report arrives that an armored automobile with Spartacans is on its way to the Imperial Chancery. They have two flame throwers. Suppe says: 'We'll fix that,' and lights a cigar. Suppe merely assumes responsibility for the armored automobile. It is now his affair and nobody else pays further attention to it. The German army is full of these fine, practical soldiers. Prisoners are brought in. The first one is a civilian. He is not a workingman but a bourgeois. He maintains that he has done no harm. He merely distributed a handbill, representing the advantages of the Russian Soviet republic. 'That is my privilege; I can consider the Soviet constitution a good one.' He cries and begs them to release him. 'Go to your Russia!' cries one of the soldiers guarding him. Another says, 'We are in Germany and want nothing of your Russian nonsense.' Then comes a tough customer, a young sailor with a brutal countenance. He was seized after he had thrown a hand grenade into a crowd of spectators without any occasion and two women had been seriously wounded by the explosion. This was settled quickly at the Imperial Chancery. The corridor leading to the room where prisoners are held until taken to prison is constantly lined by a double row of soldiers and as the sailor passed down blows fell upon him as thick as hailstones. A provisional hospital has been installed in the first floor. Wounded men receive first aid there and are quickly taken away with the ambulances in the fore court. They are all civilians. A man in workingman's clothing lies as if dead with closed eyes. Two others shot in the legs are supported by hospital attendants, who carry them out.

The critical time was Tuesday. The Spartacans tried to get a machine gun

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upon a tall roof in New Wilhelmstrasse, which is an extension of Wilhelmstrasse beyond the Linden. If they succeeded, they would have all Wilhelmstrasse under fire, as well as the Imperial Chancery and eventually make it impossible to retain that point. Everything must be done to prevent their succeeding. The troops in the chancery were not numerous enough to send an attacking force to drive the Spartacans from their roof by infantry fire. It was, therefore, necessary to resort to artillery, machine gun against machine gun. The gun of the government troops was placed upon a small balcony in front of the foreign office next to the chancery. Sailors served it. The reports thundered down the street and echoed back from the walls of the buildings. The Spartacans, unable to get their gun in position, replied with rifle fire, but the small body of men serving our machine gun on the balcony does not waver. They fire at regular intervals, aiming carefully and accurately. The interchange of shots lasted several hours in the immediate neighborhood of the Imperial Chancery, then they succeed. The Spartacans evacuate the roof and do not reappear.

The committee of people's commissioners is in permanent session in the Imperial Chancery. The cabinet meeting, which lasted a whole week, was interrupted only by eating and sleeping. The chief of the chancery receives visitors and all the immense flood of papers and other matter passes through his hands. The portraits of the former chancellors look down from the walls of the big room, which serves him as an office. Kurt Baake, for many years my friend and colleague in the reporters' gallery of the Reichstag, is filling this important position. He and his courteous secretaries see that correspondents and reporters get full information during these difficult days. Business proceeds quietly and confidently. There is no manifestation of nervousness, even at the worst moments. No matter how many machine guns the Spartacans bring up, every day, between five and six, coffee is drunk in the office of the head clerk from an old Berlin porcelain coffee service that has probably descended from some of the former chancellors. When night comes and the guards without renew their vigilance in order to prevent a surprise attack from the garden, it is reported that a glass of red wine is brought to the chamber of the chief as the best assistance for his long night vigils.

Toward evening the shooting in the streets dies out. It is not frequent, particularly in the avenue around the Imperial Chancery. But it is better not to leave the building from the front entrance in Wilhelmstrasse but from behind through the garden. The active life in the chancery itself does not extend to the garden. Everything is still in the darkness. However, in the street just beyond the garden walls a shot is heard. Some distance off a machine gun is rattling. This only emphasizes the deep peace that broods over the garden itself. Even here every precaution has been taken for defense. The Spartacans have fortified themselves in the Zoölogical Garden and at any moment might attempt an attack from this point and try to rush the garden wall. Ladders are leaning against the trees so that in case of an alarm, they can be readily mounted and serve as points of defense. A company of soldiers is camped upon a bit of lawn. A sentry is stationed on the wall itself to keep the Zoölogical Garden under observation. The gate into the street is guarded by soldiers in steel helmets.

The Neue Fre'e Presse

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THE FIRST STEP IN RUSSIAN REGENERATION

BY PAUL MILJUKOV

Loyal Russians are at this moment conscious of having received a serious rebuff at the hands of the Allies. The wild-goose chase to Prinkipo fills them with despair. What those of us feel who have been working for the regeneration of our country and have been looking to the Allies for help and even guidance is that our hopes have been cruelly misplaced; that is, if the diplomatic adventure centring in Prinkipo is to be taken as an indication of the extent to which the Allies have grasped the Russian problem. When that adventure has run its course to bankruptcy — as it inevitably must, unless a still worse fate is in store for it — we shall find ourselves in the same position as before. The Allies will still be faced with the question of intervention in Russia.

It is not out of place, therefore, to try and answer some of the doubts which tend to confuse British minds as to the true scope and aim of such intervention as Russian Liberals have consistently urged. If Bolshevism is ousted from Russia with the aid of the Allies, what is going to take its place? Would not intervention mean reaction and the reëstablishment of autocracy? And in this case how can a Britisher stand for intervention? Objections of this kind would be less insistent, I am told, if some scheme for a liberal internal policy in the reconstructed Russia could be drafted and endorsed by representative men or by influential political organizations which are likely to influence the future government of Russia.

It would be an easy matter to adopt this or that policy if it were merely a question of changing the policy of an existing government. But there is no government in Russia, as the whole system of State institutions has been abolished by the Bolsheviki. The immediate problem for Russia is not to substitute one policy for another, but to substitute statehood for anarchy. To be sure this involves a certain scheme for internal policy, but State institutions are permanent, while State policy is transitory. No State can commit itself to an everlasting system of internal policy, and no statesman can give promises to this effect. Of course, as soon as a free play of political institutions is made possible in Russia there will be no question of interfering with her internal policy. The whole point is that not only must a State be established in Russia, but it must be a type of State corresponding to the modern idea of a self-governing nation. Only the mediæval paternalism of an autocracy and of the old régime is excluded.

The immediate need is speedy intervention. If Russia were left to herself, to fight out her internal struggle for existence alone, the result might be a spasmodic convulsion instead of a conscious and organized effort. To make clear what I mean, let me quote a telegram from Stockholm recently published: 'A most violent peasant rising,' says a Petrograd telegram, 'has taken place in the interior of Russia against the Bolshevik authorities on account of the taxation, which falls heavily on the country inhabitants. The rising is

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especially directed against the committees for fighting poverty among the peasants,* which have organized a tyrannical dictatorship in the villages, where the Red Guards — and especially the Chinese among them — have committed wholesale massacres. The peasants in the Tula government have ruthlessly killed the members of these committees, several hundreds of whom are reported to have been *buried alive.*' That is how reaction, in its crudest and most brutal form, grows from tyranny and persecution. The gloomy picture drawn by the correspondent is well known to me; I recognize in it the same features I observed in April and May, 1918, in the Don region, where the Don Cossacks were throwing off the yoke of the Bolsheviki in their '*stanitsas.*' There, also, reprisals on the Bolshevik tyrants have taken quite mediæval forms, and, as a consequence, a strongly reactionary government under General Krasnov has evolved.

There is one thing which is not contested by any liberal-minded Russian; it is that, indeed, a strong military power is necessary in order to reëstablish the State organization dissolved by the Bolsheviki, and to secure the minimum requisites of legality. Some call it 'dictatorship,' and prefer to hand it over to a single man, like Admiral Kolchak or General Denikin. Some others find it possible to try a 'directory,' *i.e.*, a collective body based on some kind of election. But there is no substantial difference of opinion so far as the *aims* to be attained by this extraordinary power are concerned.

Happily for Russia there exist at least two nuclei for such military action in the persons of the two military leaders at the opposite ends of the country: in Siberia and in the Northern Caucasus. Neither Admiral Kolchak nor General Denikin is inspired by selfish ambitions, but by patriotic zeal for reconstructing the unity of Russia. In both centres, in Omsk as well as in Ekaterinodar, government boards for different branches of administration are now in process of being established. Their heads are being chosen either among the more advanced representatives of the former bureaucracy, or — particularly for such branches as have any political importance — among the members of liberal and radical political parties, on non-party lines. The whole work is considered to be preliminary to *any* line of political action. General Denikin, when I last saw him in Ekaterinodar, in November last year, was quite decided not to admit any party decisions to intrude upon his preliminary work of reconstruction. Discussion of the future form of government was rife among the officers of his army, some of whom are republicans, others, constitutional monarchists. But General Denikin did not wish to commit himself to any official opinion and no watchword was permitted to be chosen as representing the view of the whole army or of the whole government. General Denikin told me personally that he was ready to fight and to sacrifice his life for Russia's statehood and unity, but that he would refuse to shed Russian blood in a civil war for or against any definite form of the government. In his telegram to Admiral Kolchak, which appeared in the newspapers together with Admiral Kolchak's answer of January 12, General Denikin laid down as a condition of his recognition of the 'supreme power' of Admiral Kolchak, that 'the future form of government shall be decided hereafter.' Thus the order of Russia's vital aims has been officially established. First, 'the reëstablish-

* This is a euphemism for the renowned 'Committees of Paupers,' which do not 'fight poverty,' but relieve the paupers at the expense of well-to-do peasants, by means of forced and arbitrary 'contributions,' which take the place of a regular taxation.

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ment of the united Russia' with the aid of an extraordinary military power; second, the settlement of 'the future form of government,' as to which opinions may differ, without going to the extremes of autocracy or syndicalism.

I have already uttered the opinion that no permanent return to obsolete political systems is any longer possible in Russia. I believe this is also the view of the great majority of active Russian politicians. But it does not mean that we must treat Russia as a fully developed and self-controlling democracy. The great illusion which seems here to be unconsciously shared by the average newspaper reader is that such a democracy really exists in Russia, and that if it does not show external signs of existence, it is because it is stifled and hampered by some tyrannical government. I was only recently asked by an interviewer whether it would not be well for 'erecting a stable government' in Russia and thus 'gradually stopping Bolshevik inroads,' to 'establish a Constituent Assembly outside the Bolshevik-infected areas.' Others ask in the same way whether it would not be well, in order to introduce social peace in Russia, to start with a radical agrarian reform. My answer is always the same. Before political elections can take place or agrarian reform be carried through we must first emerge from the present state of chaos, introduce some legal order, and at least safeguard the life and property of the citizens. *Primum vivere, deinde philosophari.*

But what sort of government will ultimately be set up in Russia? May I remind you of the Grand Old Man, the late W. E. Gladstone's definition of 'Conservative' and 'Liberal'? Conservatism, he used to say, is a disbelief in the people, tempered by fear, while Liberalism is a belief in the people tempered by prudence. Speaking for myself, I always strongly believed in the people — without ever resorting to such methods of extolling them as are known to British readers from Mr. Graham Wallas's writings. But the Russian revolution has proved more than anything else that Russian democracy is still in the making and that while it is so this strong belief in the people has got to be moderated by prudence. Bolingbroke used to say that nobody has ever learned at the hand of other people's experience. This sentence may be confirmed by the present spread of the Bolshevik propaganda all over the world. But, anyhow, one has got to learn by one's own experience.

The agrarian question is certain to be raised and solved whatever be the first government of new Russia. I stand for what is known as the 'Cadet' * solution of this thorny question. Every other solution that has as yet been tried, on more conservative, as well as on more advanced lines, has invariably proved a failure. That is why I only recently defended our party solution, when the question was under consideration in a special committee, organized by the Ukrainian Government under General Skoropadsky. But I must avow that there were also opinions, even within my own party, for more moderation so far as private ownership is concerned. These views were even shared by the best authorities on the question, who were not guided by any class feeling, but only by the interest of the whole.

There is no difference of opinion in Russia regarding the 'self-determination' principle and its application to the borderlands. Our common opinion, without distinction of parties, is that Russia must be made one again, without any separate representation for the parts detached from her by German

* My party is called Constitutionalist Democratic, which was shortened to a nickname of C.D., *i.e.*, the 'Cadet' party.

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influence or by German occupation, after the Bolshevik victory of November, 1917. There exists a certain difference of opinion as to how the detached parts of Russia are to be reunited with her. Some people use the term 'federation'; others call it 'autonomy.' The difference rests more in terminology than in substance, because it is nearly universally recognized that such local freedom as is to be given to the former Russian provinces, must be extended to them by the decision of a general all-Russian national assembly which is to meet after the restoration of order, when elections will be made possible. Of course, no one thinks that Russia can come back to her former state of centralization.

Such are a few general outlines of a programme which is likely to be carried through by the next all-Russian government, whatever be its party composition. I hope it will be found liberal; maybe, so far as its social side is concerned, some people will even find it 'largely liberal,' and, in the standards of this country, perhaps 'excessively liberal.' There may still be found some shortcomings, so far as its political side is concerned. But they will be found not so much in the aims as in the methods of internal policy. It is particularly difficult to dictate these methods without knowing the real conditions obtaining in a country like ours. We might, perhaps, be left here to ourselves, to be tested by experience. We feel it our duty to work our detailed programme of internal policy not for show but for practical use. Having suffered so much at the hand of dissolving agencies we now want, to use the American expression, a 'constructive' policy. If Russia is to live on and to be strong, she must move on the lines I have indicated, and this, happily, represents the average political opinion in Russia.

The New Europe

ADMIRAL JELLICOE'S STORY OF THE NAVY

BY GERARD FIENNES

In studying Lord Jellicoe's account of his term in command of the Grand Fleet, one has to be careful lest one should fail to see the forest for the trees. One school of thought will pounce eagerly on the account given of the tactics of Jutland, to confirm or confute its preconceived opinions. Another will point to the revelations contained in the book of the very slender margin of superiority possessed by the British Fleet over the German at the opening of hostilities, or to the evidence of lack of foresight in preparation, or the inferiority of material, and will find justification therein for its expressed distrust of the politicians who ruled the country before the war. There are scores of deductions which may quite legitimately be made on these points; but, if we delve no deeper into the matter, we shall fail to get at the real working of Lord Jellicoe's mind, the considerations which guided his conduct through the perilous years, and we shall fail to do justice either to him or to the

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Comrades of the Grand Fleet to whom he dedicates his book, and for whom he expresses such warm admiration. Lord Jellicoe had under his command the best brains and the widest experience which the higher ranks of the navy could produce. His plans were worked out to the minutest detail of strategy, tactics, and organization. He had the fullest possible concurrence of his colleagues and their absolute confidence from first to last.

Let it be recorded at once that the book is neither an indictment nor an apology. Nothing is extenuated, nor aught set down in malice. It is a sober and reasoned statement of facts with their causes and their consequences, the history of a stubborn struggle against untoward circumstances and of a triumph slowly and patiently won, but, in the fullness of time, complete. The following pithy and illuminating passage gives the keynote to Lord Jellicoe's strategical and tactical thought:

> The last consideration present in my mind was the danger involved in leaving too much to chance in a Fleet action, *because our Fleet was the one and only factor that was vital to the existence of the Empire*, as indeed to the Allied cause. We had no reserve outside the Battle Fleet which could in any way take its place, should disaster befall it or even should its margin of superiority over the enemy be eliminated.
>
> The situation was in many respects different from that with which our navy was faced in the time of the old wars. In those days disaster could only come about by reason of bad strategy or tactics owing to our enemy being in overwhelming strength when met, or his better handling of his force, and, apart from manœuvring, the action was invariably decided by gunfire, a well-known and well-tried weapon.
>
> During the recent war, two entirely new features of the greatest importance were introduced. First, the torpedo could be fired at very long range, up to 15,000 yards, either from large ships or destroyers, and at shorter range from submarines, and the mine had been developed; the invisibility of these weapons made it difficult for it to be known when they were being employed.

Elsewhere, he points out that, when Nelson took his twenty-six capital ships into action at Trafalgar, he had behind him, in home waters and the Mediterranean, no fewer than forty-seven. Indeed, the 'Grand Fleet' of the day was not with him at all, but with Cornwallis off Brest. For the first time since the Dutch wars we had all our 'eggs in one basket' from 1914 onwards — and the basket was too frail to risk a smash. There was a time, after the loss of the Audacious, when our Dreadnought fleet was reduced to seventeen battleships and five battle cruisers against fifteen and four, respectively, possessed by the Germans. Moreover, the High Sea Fleet possessed eighty-eight destroyers and the Grand Fleet only forty-two. Shortly afterwards the Invincible and Inflexible left for the Falkland Islands, leaving the Grand Fleet, as Lord Jellicoe modestly puts it, 'in a very questionable position' as regarded battle cruisers.

All this time the Fleet had to lie in undefended bases when it was not under steam; it had no docking accommodation either at Scapa Flow or on the East Coast; it was short of cruisers, destroyers, and mine sweepers; its material was, in many respects, insufficient or inferior; it experienced a succession of mishaps to guns and machinery. And there was ever present to Lord Jellicoe's mind the thought that the German's 'selected moment' might come when he was at his weakest and they would certainly be at their strongest. When Lord Jellicoe is accused of being torpedo shy, these considerations must surely be taken into account.

With such equipment and in such strength relatively to the enemy, Lord Jellicoe started on his momentous task as commander-in-chief, relieving Sir George Callaghan on the eve of war sorely against his will. Nothing finer

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is recounted in the book, by the way, than the utter absence of jealousies among the senior officers of the Fleet. Lord Jellicoe sums up the task as follows:

> The main objects for which our navy exists may be shortly summed up under four heads:
>
> 1. To insure for British ships the unimpeded use of the sea, this being vital to the existence of an island nation, particularly one which is not self-supporting in regard to food.
>
> 2. In the event of war, to bring steady economic pressure to bear on our adversary, by denying to him the use of the sea, thus compelling him to accept peace.
>
> 3. Similarly, in the event of war, to cover the passage and assist any army sent overseas, and to protect its communications and supplies.
>
> 4. To prevent invasion of this country and its overseas Dominions by enemy forces.
>
> The above objects are achieved in the quickest and surest manner by destroying the enemy's armed naval forces, and this is, therefore, the first objective of our Fleet. The Fleet exists to achieve victory.
>
> But history has always shown that it is a very difficult matter to impose our will upon a weaker naval adversary, and that, instead of giving us the opportunity of destroying his armed naval forces, he usually keeps the main body of those forces — the Battle Fleet — in positions of safety in fortified harbors, where they are a constant threat to the sea communications of the stronger naval Power, and force upon that Power a watching policy so that the enemy may be engaged, should he put to sea, before he is able to gain any advantage.

This is so true as to be a truism. Yet, strangely enough, it is often inverted by students and critics of naval affairs.

Every one of these objects was successfully achieved, though the positive results were more slowly brought about than many people expected. The country was not invaded; the armies were transported safely across the seas; the supply of food and stores was not interrupted. Lord Jellicoe records with meticulous care the progress of the blockade towards effectiveness. The Germans did what was expected of them. They kept 'in positions of safety in fortified harbors,' and when at last the fleets met, the encounter was fortuitous. Nevertheless, the constant 'sweeps' by the Grand Fleet and cruiser squadrons showed that the 'first objective' of our Fleet was kept steadily in mind.

Why, then, did not the meeting of the fleets result in the immediately decisive victory which memories of Quiberon Bay, the Nile, and Trafalgar had taught the nation to expect? The answer is explicit in Lord Jellicoe's narrative, though it is not expressed. We based our expectations on events which occurred at the end of a period of long experience with ships of a certain type, armed with a certain class of weapon and driven by sail power. Failure to bring about decisive results had been common enough in the earlier part of the era. Even The Saints and the Glorious First of June were nothing like decisive victories: less decisive by far, in fact, than Jutland eventually proved to be. Lord Jellicoe had to handle what was practically a new weapon, for the disparity in the efficiency of the two sides at Tsu-shima was so great that few reliable inferences could be drawn from that battle. Experience was bought by both sides at Jutland: experience which led, on the British side, to improvements both in material and methods which, in Lord Jellicoe's opinion, would have made the Germans pay dearly if they had faced another encounter; experience on the German side which, according to Captain Persius, led those in authority to determine that there could not be another naval battle.

The three chapters on Jutland and the fourth in which Lord Jellicoe sets forth his reflections on the tactics employed will, no doubt, be the most eagerly read in the book. The narra-

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tive should be followed closely on the plotted diagrams supplied. The whole matter is one of extreme simplicity. The Germans had no intention of fighting to a finish; they were superior in torpedo craft; their newer ships were so elaborately protected at the cost of habitability as to be almost unsinkable, either by gunfire or torpedo, and they had the luck of the weather. The low visibility and the conflicting reports which reached him prevented the British Commander-in-Chief from deploying until actually within range, and there was an error of no less than twelve miles in the information sent by Sir David Beatty and Commodore Goodenough as to the position of von Scheer's battle fleet — an error which Lord Jellicoe admits was unavoidable.

The result was that the Germans had the 'overlap,' and, by continually turning on the arc of the smaller circle, made it very difficult to close the range, while the fact that few of our ships could see more than three or four of the enemy, owing to the smoke and mist, made decisive action at long range impossible. So far from deliberately fighting at long range, Lord Jellicoe made a determined effort to close, turning his fleet by divisions four points towards the enemy, so as to bear down upon him direct, and then the whole fleet together a further three points. The Fleet was then brought into line — ahead, again, on a southerly course, approximately the same as that pursued by the enemy. This was the moment chosen by the Germans to launch their first destroyer attack. It was beaten off by gunfire, but renewed shortly afterwards, and our Fleet was compelled to turn away first two and, in all, four points by subdivisions to avoid the torpedoes, of which twenty or more were approaching the line. This manœuvre had been accepted by the whole of the Flag officers in the Fleet as necessary, and endorsed by the Admiralty. The matter is very technical, but clearly explained by Lord Jellicoe. The immediate consequence was that the range was opened about 1,750 yards, and the Germans seized the opportunity, as they, no doubt, intended, to break off the action, turning eight points together to westward and covering their retreat with an impenetrable smoke screen. This was the movement about which there has been so much uninformed word spinning. Unless it is held that a Commander-in-Chief should in all circumstances carry on and damn the torpedoes, it is difficult to see how the slight opening of the range could have been avoided.

We cannot follow the course of the night operations of the destroyers, nor the reasons why the Germans were able to avoid battle the next morning. But the clear and definite conclusion emerges from Lord Jellicoe's frank account of the battle, that it was fought as the circumstances of the British Fleet and the conditions dictated, and that no want of quick decision or of resolution was shown. Before leaving the story of Jutland, Lord Jellicoe's account of the Nelsonian deed of Admiral Hood in the Invincible may well be quoted. At about 6.10, he says:

> Rear-Admiral Hood sighted the Lion and the First Battle Cruiser Squadron, and at about 6.16 P.M. hoisted the signal to his squadron to form single line ahead, and turned to take station ahead of the Lion and to engage the hostile battle cruisers, which at 6.20 P.M. were sighted at a range of 8,600 yards.
>
> A furious engagement ensued for a few minutes, and the fire of the squadron was judged by those on board the Invincible to be very effective. Rear-Admiral Hood, who was on the bridge of the Invincible with Captain Cay, hailed Commander Dannreuther, the gunnery officer in the fore control, at about 6.30 P.M., saying, 'Your firing is very good. Keep at it as quickly as you can; every shot is telling.' At about 6.34 P.M. the Invincible, which had already

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been hit more than once by heavy shell without appreciable damage, was struck in 'Q' turret. The shell apparently burst inside the turret, as Commander Dannreuther saw the roof blown off. A very heavy explosion followed immediately, evidently caused by the magazine blowing up, and the ship broke in halves and sank at once.

Admiral Hood's was the decisive movement of the engagement, for it crumpled the head of the enemy's line and compelled him to turn first south and then west as Beatty and the Battle Fleet got round him in succession. But for Hood's action, his battle fleet might have got behind its minefields unpunished.

This is not the place to introduce matters of political controversy. It must be borne in mind that the British navy has to serve many purposes in all parts of the world, whereas the German navy existed to serve one only. And the exact course of any war is seldom, if ever, foreseen. The presence of the Germans on the Belgian coast, for instance, in one way and another deprived the Grand Fleet of many of the units it urgently required. But one thing must be said: namely, that a system which permits civilians to revise the estimates of professional sailors or soldiers does not make for safety. The public demanded Dreadnoughts, which appealed to its imagination — and quite rightly. But the Dreadnoughts were provided at the expense of other things, which the sailors knew to be at least equally necessary. Lord Jellicoe himself was at the Admiralty during a great part of the time of preparation; but neither he nor that sturdy rebel, Lord Fisher himself, could ever hope to get everything the efficiency of the Fleet required. The consequence was that the nation was placed in a position of danger which would have turned its hair gray if it had known it.

The Observer

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AS DOCTOR WATSON

BY E. T. RAYMOND

As a literary man, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle may be likened to a plain squire who sits at the table of princes. He is not of their rank, but he is of their circle and atmosphere. It seems absurd to class a humble craftsman with Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, but theirs is truly his company. Unlike them he has made no great literature. But he is like them in having created a character everybody knows, a character to be quoted with the same confidence that one mentions Falstaff or Pecksniff or Major Pendennis.

True, Sir Arthur has only one such child to his credit, while others have begotten sons and daughters on the patriarchal scale. But it is a great feat. How great one simple test will show. Where else are we to look for a character as distinct, as well-known, and as universally recognizable as Sherlock Holmes? Of all the extremely intelligent men who have produced fiction during the last thirty years — and the

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average of writing was never so high — only two, so far as I can recall, pass the great test of quotation in any company. One is Robert Louis Stevenson; the other is the inventor of Sherlock Holmes. Examine the files of a popular newspaper for a week, and you are pretty sure to find one reference to Jekyll and Hyde and two or three to the Conan Doyle hero. But, while few people who talk about Jekyll and Hyde have ever read the story, and still fewer understand its real moral, the man who does not know everything concerning Sherlock Holmes, the cut of his face, the shabbiness of his dressing gown, his indoor pistol practice, the tobacco that he smoked, the cocaine that he injected, the plots that he laid and unraveled, the kings that he patronized — that man is indeed a rarity. Say that somebody reminds you of Sir Willoughby Patterne, and the chances are you will get either a blank look or the smile of embarrassed hypocrisy. Mention Tono-Bungay, and it is an accident if you are understood. But a newspaper read by two million indifferently educated people can be quite sure of comprehension when it prints the familiar headline, 'Sherlock Holmes in Real Life.'

It is, surely, a considerable satire on the modern school of fiction that, priding itself above all on its touch with reality, it has not succeeded in making a character real enough for a policeman to swear to. But the explanation is simple. Analysis is the aim of the novelist, and analysis, while yielding a multitude of facts, obscures and even destroys the truth. There is a quite considerable difference, for example, between an Irish poet and a Jewish banker. But it would take a clever man to distinguish one from the other after a professor of anatomy had quite done with them. He might, indeed, have found a multitude of facts unknown to Who's Who or the Directory of Directors. He might even have discovered the true physical source of versification in the one and of money making in the other. But he could not justly point to the results of his activity with the remark: 'How lifelike is this poet!' or 'Here you have the breathing embodiment of Lombard Street!' We distinguish things by their shape and color. Analysis shows that color is an illusion, and can only proceed by making shape shapeless.

Sherlock Holmes succeeds, not by his subtlety, but by his simplicity, and even more by the simplicity of the famous Dr. Watson. If there were the smallest ground for suspecting the sincerity of 'my dear Watson,' the whole thing would topple to the ground. It often hovers on the very verge of anti-climax. For Holmes is, after all, no giant. Poe and several Frenchmen have done better in this kind, and so far as Holmes himself is concerned Sir Arthur Conan Doyle owes, perhaps, as much to them as to the Edinburgh professor whose fancy for identifying the trades of patients by their small peculiarities gave him one set of ideas most skillfully used. Sir Arthur's true triumph is the humble Watson. Not great himself, he is the cause of greatness in another. Faith breeds faith. Worship is catching. 'My conviction gains infinitely,' says the sage, 'the moment another soul will believe in it.' Seeing Watson constantly on his knees, we all fall on ours, by mere force of suggestion.

A good many of the old painters were fond of putting themselves somewhere in their pictures. They are generally to be recognized by a peculiar stiffness: the artist painted himself by a looking-glass. One cannot avoid the conviction that some such process obtained in the Sherlock Holmes business, and that Dr. Watson is really the counterfeit presentment of his creator. At any rate, it is certain that Dr. Watson is a

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very English Englishman, and that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, though born and educated in Edinburgh, and of Irish blood, is another. There is, too, a great deal of incidental Watsonism in him. It can be seen in his ever-fresh interest in facts, relevant and otherwise. Possibly it is also visible in his deductions from facts. Watson noticed most things, but had a trick of laying emphasis in the wrong place, and getting up all kinds of blind alleys in his pursuit of non-existent clues. Watson's creator, since he abandoned the gracious rôle of entertainer, seems not wholly free from similar tendencies.

It is the fashion for novelists, as soon as they can afford it, to become preachers; the professional preachers retaliating in kind to the best of their ability. Whether this Hamlet-Laertes exchange of weapons really helps either literature or society need not be discussed. But the strength of the tradition could not be better illustrated than in the case of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. One would think him the last to be beguiled out of his true vocation. A fine craftsman in his own line, he is, perhaps, worse fitted than most men of equal intelligence for the task of the historian or the social critic. It is not easy to describe shortly the disability from which he suffers, but one might, perhaps, best express it by calling him a latitudinarian bigot. He is at once very broad and very prejudiced, very illiberally liberal, very dogmatically hostile to dogma.

Take, for example, the business of divorce. Sir Arthur is for making divorce cheap and easy — how cheap and how easy I hesitate to say, for fear of misrepresentation. He may be right, or he may be wrong, on the main question. Can he possibly be right in dismissing as mere antiquated prejudice the objections of millions of earnest, intelligent, disinterested, and upright men? Then there is his enthusiasm for spiritualism. Here, again, Sir Arthur is quite entitled to his opinion, and has a right to state it. But how can he blame the Wesleyans of Nottingham for not allowing him to lecture in their hall, so that he was forced to speak in a room half the size? No doubt there are, in the immortal words of the Grand Inquisitor, 'Wesleyan Methodists of the most persecuting and bigoted description.' But was this particular act bigoted?

Is it not rather bigoted to say, as he did quite lately, that spiritualism gives the afflicted 'a satisfaction which no creed-bound religion could supply'? How does Sir Arthur know? He cannot possibly speak with authority concerning the spiritual experiences of hundreds of millions of the quick and of the great host of the dead. It is quite open to him, as a free man, to believe that the dogmas of Christianity 'matter little,' and have added 'needlessly to the contentions of the world.' But why, in that case, be at pains to reconcile hatred of our enemies with Christianity? Why be so distressed over the Kaiser making 'the whole conception of religion grotesque,' when you yourself deprecate 'all the haggling claims and the mythical doctrines which have grown up round the name of Christ'? Why complain that the Germans in their warfare 'brought the world of Christ back to the days of Odin'?

It is our good Dr. Watson again, wavering between the curing of patients and the tracking of criminals. We know his quality as a detective; we can only infer how the patients got on. The same English desire to have it all ways is apparent in Dr. Watson's maker. He wants to have the best of all possible and impossible worlds, to be at ease both in Zion and Valhalla, as well as in a scientific lecture room. It is all very human and natural. The

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majority of us are made that way, and to a story teller it is no disadvantage to feel sympathy with very different and inconsistent things. The teacher, however, must be a little 'dogmatic.' He must be quite sure that two and two make four, and maintain that they never can make sixteen, even at the risk of 'adding to the contentions' of the school room.

But why be a teacher, anyway, when you can afford not to? It is a dull business for one who has had the world at his feet as a creator.

Everyman

THE REAL ENGLAND

BY REGINALD LENNARD

On a casual meeting at dinner or in a railway carriage, one usually learns more about a man from his appearance than from what he happens to say. Spoken words are the expression of the moment's mood, and that may well be exceptional and at best will reveal only one side of a person's nature. But in a face what is revealed is, so to say, permanent and real — it is the real man we see there. Faces, no doubt, are more difficult to understand than words, and some faces are little better than masks; but, on the whole, appearances, if they sometimes tell little, seldom deceive, for if a man's face is a mask, that fact is generally evident at once, and it is in itself a fact more expressive of character than any haphazard series of remarks is likely to be. And perhaps it is with nations as with individuals; only the face of a nation must surely be found rather in the appearance of the countryside and of the human handiwork which has shaped and modified it than in the actual countenances of the individuals who compose the nation, and while in the case of individuals it is the faces of the young which are easiest to read, it is the old and long-established nations which have most clearly written the expression of their quality over the length and breadth of the land, as it is also the ancient nations which have partaken most of the character of their dwelling-place and have, as it were, received the influence of its scenery into their very soul.

There may be something fanciful in this idea, but I feel sure that the soldiers from overseas, to whom war and the armistice following the war have given the chance of getting a first-hand impression of England, will not carry away the truest possible memory of her, if their attention is confined to the manifestations of her temporary moods. The Englishman is perhaps less himself in a moment of excitement than a Frenchman is, or an Italian; and our soldier guests have seen us under influences which produced unparalleled excitement — though all the time the real England was not the England of spy-hunts and food-queues, of flag-days and 'Feed-the-Guns' weeks, or even the England which in a fit of thoughtless joy destroyed in Trafalgar Square trophies of war that were the

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cherished possessions of their captors, but rather the England of folk songs and morris dances, the England of fishing villages and ancient country churches.

It would be a fascinating task to plan a tour with the object of giving to soldiers from the United States or the Dominions a true and lasting 'impression of England and its people.' On such a tour it would be unfair to exclude the great industrial towns, but if I were guide, I would see to it that urban England was not represented only by London or London by Whitehall and Belgravia and the suburbs. In London I would lead the way to the docks and not forget the courts and gardens of the Temple or such relics of quieter, more slow-going times as Cowley Street and the house of Dr. Johnson in Gough Square. And I would visit the solid stone-built towns of the north — Leeds and Newcastle-on-Tyne, perhaps, for choice — and see the unsleeping toil of the Black Country by the glow of the furnace fires at night. Of seafaring England, Plymouth and old Portsmouth should be the types; but smaller places would not be neglected — Whitby and Penzance, for instance, and, as examples of fishing villages, Staithes, Clovelly, and Polperro.

I should not hesitate to spend a great deal of time in rural England; and pilgrimages to Cathedral cities would take up most of the remainder. After all, the foundations of the British Empire were laid by a nation of village people. Throughout the greater part of English history the majority of Englishmen have lived in villages and have had their first schooling for social life in the intimate relations which obtain between man and man in the unbustling seclusion of the countryside. And where can you get a better idea of the enduring and fundamental qualities of the English people — its love of peace, its steadiness, its power of consecrating the labor of generation upon generation to the fulfillment of noble purposes — than in the Cathedral towns — say Canterbury, Wells, and Southwell? The impression you get there can be reinforced in the villages. A typical village church shows the same quiet courage, the same persistence. Where the Norman builders laid down their tools the men of the thirteenth century have taken them up; and if the resources of the fourteenth century, which gave the church a new chancel, were insufficient to complete it with clerestory or tower, the energies of the succeeding age have proved equal to the task. The times of the Stuarts enriched the church with a fine pulpit of oak and a richly carved sanctuary chair. Across the road the ample rectory bears witness to the ideals of solid domesticity which marked the early Georgian period, and you will not be far wrong if you guess that a cupboard in the rectory contains some Communion plate which also dates from the eighteenth century. In the great trees and mimic temples which are grouped with such exquisite taste about the grounds of the neighboring mansion, the art of Kent or some other landscape gardener of his day shows the old purpose of peace and beauty still at work, though finding a new method and a new manner of expression.

I hold no brief myself for the ideals of feudalism or for the pride of ancient families; and yet the older country houses must make any man feel a certain sympathy with these things, or at least with the real courage and patriotism which were mingled with them. It is not merely the antiquity or even the beauty of the old houses which arouses these feelings — though the sheer beauty of Haddon Hall, say, or Stokesay Castle, or Ightham Mote, is well worth

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a journey across many shires to see. There is something strangely impressive about the memorials of family history contained in an old house which has been handed down from father to son for centuries. Like the slowly accumulated edifice of an ancient village church with its picturesque patchwork of styles, a collection of portraits, such as that at Knole, or such as the long series of the Cecils at Hatfield, tells of purposes and ideals, which, whether they were intrinsically worthy or not, have at least a quiet dignity and a certain solemn piety, if only because they outlasted the span of so many lives and were cherished by so many generations. A man can admire the old aristocratic faith and the devotion of its adherents without ceasing to be a Democrat, just as he can sympathize with the monasticism of the Middle Ages without being a Catholic, or feel the beauty of Greek mythology without turning pagan. Indeed, sometimes he would cease to be human if he failed to be touched by the relics which are to be seen in these shrines of aristocracy. For tender memories lurk here, and you catch the fragrance of youthful hopes and romances long since laid to sleep. This, we are told, was the Lady Sarah's bedroom: that faded needlework she embroidered herself in fresh and vivid colors in the time of Queen Anne: there, by the bed-head, in musty leather bindings, are her favorite books — books which brought her the consolations of religion or by whose means she drank of the ever-living stream of English poetry. She died before she was twenty-five, adds the housekeeper, and some say it was of a broken heart, and others that she had taken a chill waiting in the park one winter's night for a lover who never came. There are times, too, when the memorials of an old family can awake ungrudging admiration as well as sympathy. I felt such admiration only the other day in the church of Great Hampden in Buckinghamshire. For though John Hampden himself — like so many English soldiers who have fallen in the war, having fought, as he fought, for liberty — is of the company of those 'which have no memorial,' the church at Great Hampden is full of simple brasses and other unostentatious monuments to the men of his blood and name. They form an impressive series stretching back through the centuries, for some of them were old in John Hampden's day, and show his ancestors in armor which even to his eyes must have appeared quaintly antique, and they include two brass plates dedicated to the memory of two Hampdens who died for England not many months ago.

In a tour of the kind I have imagined neither the village churches nor the great country houses should make me neglect the country towns. I would spend a night, I think, in one of those red, wide-streeted, happy-looking little towns which always seem so typically English — Marlborough, perhaps, or Amersham, or Henley-in-Arden. And since in a strange land things always look more uniform than they really are — all Frenchmen, for example, seeming very much alike to an Englishman who visits France for the first time — I would take care that the soldiers from overseas should see the differences which distinguish the various shires and sometimes give quite a tiny district a charming individuality. I would begin a walk in Berkshire, not far from Wantage, where the scarcity of building stone in the neighborhood of the chalk downs has created a special style in building, so that the garden walls are often of mud and the houses show a surface of plaster and the barns are largely of timber with the eaves of their thatched roofs coming

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comparatively near the ground. Then I should go into the Cotswold country and point out the gray stone cottages at Bibury and their lovely roofs of Stonesfield slates, and thence walk northwards to Great Tew and Wroxton, where strangely gabled roofs of thatch appear and the orange-brown coloring of the masonry proclaims an ironstone district. And after the rich variety of local styles in architecture, it would be necessary to exhibit the endless varieties of English scenery — the beech-woods of the Chess valley, the pine-clad hills of Surrey, the broad, smiling, prosperous-looking vales of Kent with their variegated woods. And Shropshire would have to be visited, and the great open stretches of Wensleydale, and then Swaledale, narrowest and most mysterious of the Yorkshire valleys. And I should insist on the exploration of the Lake Country, and especially of the wonderfully contrasted valleys which encircle Scafell. But, alas! before ever the lakes were reached the soldiers would have to ask for an extension of leave.

The Nation

BAILLE'N BAD-A-SGAILICH

(*The Farm of the Shadowy Clump of Trees*)

BY JOAN RUNDALL

Far up the valley,
By the road that leads to the mountains
Hard by the rocky pool 'neath the waterfall
Where the sunlight falls on the buttercups
In the meadow
Five beech trees guard the little house I love.

There are three green trees
And two trees that are red and golden,
And a broken gate hangs from a broken hinge
Where a white path leads under the shadowy trees
To my houseplace,
The home of my heart, the home of my heart.

Sings the wind sweetly
There in the soft hush of the morning,
Wandering sunbeams fall through the whispering leaves
To the cool grass where the gray goat is tethered
Beside the door
Of my home, of my home — Baille'n Bad-a-sgailich.

The Poetry Review

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DICKENS'S LOVERS

BY ARTHUR WAUGH

I

EVERYMAN, says the poet, boasts two soul sides; and this was particularly true of Charles Dickens. There were, indeed, many men in Dickens, many personalities struggling one against another; but preëminently and in the foreground there were two main sides to his character. There was, first, the Dickens of the world of London, the man who epitomized his age, the ebullient mouthpiece of the early Victorian era; and there was, secondly, the Dickens of the fireside, the philosopher of the simple affections, the prophet of domesticity.

And when we come to Dickens and ask him, 'What is Love?' we get two different answers, according to which soul side of him is uppermost at the moment. The one answer is dictated by the fashion of the time, and may be said to be already discounted and pigeonholed. The other comes from the immortal heart of a great, simple, and sincere nature, and is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. Let us strike a balance, if we can, between the two, and try to see how far Dickens leads us in the philosophy of Love.

If ever a man was the product of his age that man was Charles Dickens. Just as so many of his characters are embodiments of a type, so he himself seems to embody, in Gargantuan form, the whole panorama of early Victorian England. And if we try to pick out a single quality as expressive of the spirit of that age, the epithet, I think, which we should choose is theatrical.

The age of Charles Dickens was tremendously theatrical. Every man that imbibed its inspiration was secretly acting a part. The Reform Bill of 1832 had let loose a perfect cataract of individualism. Jack was as good as his master now; Mr. Roebuck was flattering the Sheffield cutlers with the glory of their independence; Macaulay was proclaiming his triumphant Philistinism: 'An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia'; young men were rollicking through the midnight streets, wrenching off door knockers to assert their bursting personality. Steam was being let off from a million human steam engines. The air was full of hissing and roaring. It was all one splendid debauch of the theatrical spirit. And through the midst of it reveled Dickens, the Inimitable, arm in arm with half his generation.

Well, everyman has a touch of the actor about him. We all like to imagine ourselves in heroic attitudes. Even if we are too sensible to set our fancies free when we are awake, what devils of fellows some of us are, to be sure, in our dreams! But the greater part of this drab, indeterminate, workaday world has precious little opportunity to figure in the limelight at all. That, of course, is why the lower middle class is so desperately in love with a funeral. Death, that dignifies the most squalid bed chamber, brings for a few days the atmosphere of high tragedy into a mean home. For the few days that intervene between the death and the interment every mem-

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ber of the household has a chance, if he or she wishes it, of playing a part in the solemn drama of life. And the duller the lives into which the common tragedy of death penetrates, the keener the relish with which the opportunity is seized.

But there are other chances also; and a more cheerful opportunity for acting a part is afforded, of course, when we are in love. We all like to appear heroes and heroines to our well-beloved, however ridiculous and homely our infatuation may seem to the rest of the world.

And of all generations of whom we have any record, the early Victorian was surely the most theatrical in its attitude to love. I don't suppose it meant to be insincere, but it certainly posed and attitudinized more than any sane person in our own more disillusioned age would imagine possible. And even the indomitably sincere and human Dickens was infected by the poison.

II

Let us consider one or two typical examples, and to begin with, let Arthur Clennam come into the court, to answer for his loyalty towards the god of Love. He has certainly done yeoman service, for he has three girls to his name. Before the story opens he has 'toyed with light loves in the portal' in company with Flora Casby. Soon after the tale is well under way he is musing about Pet Meagles by the riverside, and he ends up with leading Little Dorrit down the steps of St. George's Church 'into a modest life of usefulness and happiness.'

Arthur Clennam is, I think, we shall all admit, a complete representative of the theatrical lover. His attitude to the past is theatrical. He is not half so honest as the voluble Flora, for she is true to the old sentiment, while he, it is easy to see at every turn, is terribly ashamed of his youthful infatuation.

Now, no decent man ought to be ashamed of his old loves. That is the conduct of a prig. And when Pet Meagles quite unconsciously pays him out for his inconstancy to Flora, by showing him that she herself is so much in love with another as never to have imagined it possible that Clennam could be in love with her — then his behavior is even more theatrical than any modern hero of the Lyceum. For he fills the bosom of his coat with her roses (what a sight he must have looked), and scatters them upon the moonlit river, as a sort of dramatic symbol that his hopes and dreams are floating out into the darkness. And all the while the limelight keeps playing furiously from the flies!

Little Dorrit, you remember, falls in love with Arthur Clennam; but Clennam in his magnificent, water-tight self-concentration never notices it for a moment. Who is it that notices it, then, and opens the dull man's eyes to the truth? Why, the youth who really loves her, loves her unaffectedly and unselfishly, with all the fervor of the brave little heart which swells to the size of a gentleman's under the waistcoat of sprigs — 'mere slop work, if the truth must be known' — John Chivery son of the porter of the Marshalsea. John Chivery cuts but a poor figure on the stage of the higher drama; but he is the perfect lover for all that, the true knight-errant among the groves of last week's washing; and if I were Little Dorrit I would have chosen him a dozen times before the junior partner in Doyce and Clennam.

Clennam gets the lady, of course, and seasons his vows with all the decorations of theatrical oratory, but the true honors of the Court of Love go with John Chivery. It is his solitary figure that remains in the memory, lingering on the iron bridge across the river where once she used to pass o'

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Sundays, or composing marble epitaphs for his own tomb, among the drying clothes upon the clothes line, which remind him, by some strange perverted association, of the grove of Venus.

'He's a breaking his heart for her,' says his mother, 'and I could wish to take the liberty to ask how it's to be good to his parents, when bust.'

How indeed? for it is a treasure of pure gold and precious jewels!

III

Now let us pause here for one moment to ask a question upon which, I am inclined to believe, depends the whole secret of Dickens's success or failure in the portrayal of love and lovers.

Why is it that these simple, unheroic domestic lovers carry our sympathies with them wherever they go, while the really serious, superfatted lovers, who were clearly designed to take the centre of the stage, trouble us not one whit, and are forgotten almost as soon as the book is closed? Why is it?

Well, the answer lies buried in the depths of human nature. There are two kinds of love, sacred and profane; and out of profane love spring the great passions which have animated the world's imagination — Antony and Cleopatra, Romeo and Juliet, Henry and Rosamund — all those fiery impulses which drive a man and a woman into one another's arms, across all obstacles, and in the teeth of all the scruples of honor and advantage.

Now Charles Dickens was never the creator of a grand passion. There is no hero in any of his books who could declare that the world was well lost for a woman's sake; such an idea never entered into his scheme of creation at all.

But he did, as an artist, get just so far in the pale reflection of passion as the young man who writes the sort of love letters which make such a cruel show from time to time in the law courts. He did conceive heroes who wanted to tread the heights of rhapsody in their ladies' praise, but could never get beyond the language and the sentiment of the stage. Their hearts, in fact, were acting a part, and their tongues could only speak the language of their hearts.

We laugh at such people now; but Dickens did not laugh at them; and thereby hangs a hidden truth of some interest.

There are two kinds of laughter — the laughter which laughs at people, and the laughter which laughs with people; and Dickens, who loved laughter more than most men, has plenty of both sorts and to spare. But one of the wisest things ever said about Dickens was said by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, when he let slip the theory that Dickens, as a creator, is never quite at ease with any character, with whom he has not laughed. Think of his own autobiographical novel, *David Copperfield;* how he laughs with himself through all the stages of emerging boyhood, a kind, tender, indulgent laugh, that sympathizes with every weakness and mistake. 'What a fine fellow, I thought myself,' he seems to say; 'ah, me! how changed I am to-day. And yet, after all, was n't I rather lovable in all my foolishness?' That is the true spirit of laughing with a person; and it may be said to be the touchstone by which we can test Dickens's true lovers. The people over whose romances one can smile with a fond indulgence — those are the people who really touch the heart. Dickens laughs with them, and through his laughter gleams the mist of tears — the tears of sympathy and of some fond memory of our own, which makes the whole world kin.

The more you think this over, I am sure, the more convinced you will be of its truth. All the lovers in Dickens

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whom one really loves are the lovers with whom one can laugh. Examples will crowd in upon your memory, directly you begin to think. Let me remind you of one or two fairly obvious ones.

You cannot laugh with Walter Gay, even if you believe in him at all.

'So, if ever you see her, Uncle,' said Walter, 'I mean Miss Dombey now — and perhaps you may, who knows? — tell her how much I felt for her; how much I used to think of her when I was here; how I spoke of her, with the tears in my eyes, uncle, on this last night before I went away. Tell her that I said I never could forget her gentle manner, or her beautiful face, or her sweet, kind disposition that was better than all. And as I did n't take them from a woman's feet, or a young lady's; only a little innocent child's' said Walter: 'tell her, if you don't mind, uncle, that I kept those shoes — she'll remember how often they fell off, that night — and took them away with me as a remembrance!'

No; it really will not pass.

But how about Mr. Toots? Poor, neglected, inarticulate Mr. Toots — 'It's of no consequence, thank you' — what anyone thinks of him, but he is a real good lover, none the less.

Step down with Dickens from the throne of melodrama into the homely world of comedy, sit down by the fire among the people with whom you can laugh, and in a moment you are in a different world altogether.

'I'm very well, indeed,' said Mr. Toots, taking a chair. 'Very well indeed, I am. I don't remember that I was ever better, thank you.'

He does n't know what to say to his lady. He can only gaze at her with a watery eye. Why! it is one of the first and truest symptoms of love — to be struck dumb in the presence of the beloved object.

Walter Gay, you may be sure, would not have lacked words.

'Speak like a stranger,' returned Walter. 'No, I could not speak so. I am sure at least I could n't feel like one.'

But it is the very essence of love, in these early stages, that it makes strangers of those who are aching to rush into one another's arms. Toots is the true lover, and Walter Gay the false, and Toots by all the laws of justice ought to inherit the reward of chivalry. But alas! the novelist could not break away from the tradition of his time. The public of the fifties would never have put up with such a marriage for their heroine as a marriage with the tender-hearted, chuckle-headed Toots. He has to be content with the maid instead of the mistress, and his good loyal heart learns to be genuinely proud of his Susan, and the rapidly increasing family of daughters with which their blameless union is blessed. It is the common lot. How many model husbands in every generation have fallen in love with Florence Dombey, and ended by being peacefully content with Susan Nipper! Yet the first romance is never superseded.

'I have never changed my sentiments towards Miss Dombey,' said Mr. Toots, articulate and even garrulous at last. 'They are the same as ever. She is the same bright vision to me always. When Mrs. Toots and myself first began to talk of the tender passion, I explained that I was what you may call a blighted flower, you know. She knows that there's nobody in the world I look up to, as I do to Miss Dombey. She knows that I consider Miss Dombey the most beautiful, the most amiable, the most angelic of her sex. What is her observation upon that? The perfection of sense. "My dear you are right. I think so too."'

There is the sublimation of married

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confidence. There, my friends, is the secret of wedded happiness. I commend Susan Toots to you all, as a very model of wifely wisdom. Happy is the hearth that has such a plump and pleasing fairy seated in the ingle.

IV

Perhaps all this seems rather a lowering of the spiritual value of love. Certainly the novelist of the present day finds the profane love of the pavement a more congenial study than the sacred love of the domestic hearth.

But that is just Dickens, and you must take him as you get him. The typical Victorian citizen, that was Dickens, always dominated the universal lover of humanity that was also Dickens to just this extent. Love to him led only one way, and that the way of respectable citizenship. The altar of St. George's Church was its inevitable goal, with the pew-opener smiling all round, the third volume of the Registers open for signature, and the fresh perspective of the street shining outside in the autumn sun. Dickens must laugh with his lovers, if he is to be truly happy in their company, and he can only laugh, when a genial atmosphere of respectability lies mellow over all the world.

Give him that atmosphere, however, and that kindly hope, and the whole panorama of domestic love is spread out before you in his pages.

Think of *David Copperfield* — his book of private confessions — it contains nothing less than an odyssey of youthful susceptibilities. David begins in the nursery with Little Emily, whom he loves the moment he sets eyes upon her in Mr. Peggotty's cheerful boathouse, and the way in which that fascination floats quite naturally away, is only one in a million tributes to the novelist's wonderful human intuition. There follows Miss Shepherd at the dancing class, who was stood in the stocks for turning in her toes, received one shy kiss in the cloak room, and was ungrateful enough for a whole bushel of brazil nuts, offered as a propitiatory gift, to prefer another youth of no merit whatever, and to make faces at David, when she passed him in the street, as a sign that all was over between them.

When we come to riper years, we do not actually make faces at our neglected flames, but the sentiment is everlasting. It is inbred in the uglier side of human nature.

And then the eldest Miss Larkins, who was no chicken, for the youngest Miss Larkins was not that — the eldest Miss Larkins who flirted with officers, allowed David to steal a flower from her bouquet, and was all the time engaged to Mr. Chestle, a portly hop-grower in Kent; Mr. Chestle who spent the evening of his inamorata's infidelities playing whist in the anteroom, plumply content with the certainty that she would be bound to him hand in foot in a fortnight. Excellent Mr. Chestle, and irresistible Miss Larkins! Who of us, looking back into his own secret record, would not be forced to confess to at least one Miss Larkins of his own?

But Dora (as I have often said elsewhere amid universal protestation!) Dora is the masterpiece in the gallery of young love. Every man falls in love with Dora some time in his life. Some men are lucky enough to escape the peril of marrying her. When the ring is sent back in a despairing note, folded like a cocked hat, the dismissal, in such a fortunate case, is taken as final. That man has got free with a happy memory, and may thank his stars for his escape. Some men again fall in love with Dora after they are married to Agnes Wickfield, and they are lucky too; for there is no taint of vice in Dora's composi-

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tion. She would just shake her curls in the married man's face, and skip away with Jip down the garden path. And that man, too, would have a happy memory to carry back to his sheltered fireside, with Agnes darning innumerable stockings in the lamplight.

The really unlucky man, of course, is the man who carries Dora home, when the honeymoon is over, and settles down with her to a lifetime of underdone veal and leathery pudding. For his dream is bound to be overclouded with reality; his romance inevitably melts away, when the oysters are unopened, and there is no knife to open them, and Jip has got all his feet into the mushroom ketchup. Yes, the truth is that there are some very lovable lovers who are not made for marriage nor destined to domesticity; and it is really too bad of Dickens to make us men fall in love with Dora, only to remind us in the next breath that his beaten pathway to the steps of St. George's Church is not, after all, the only path through which Love steals its way.

Nevertheless, it is the one way for Dickens, the imperturbable British citizen; for housekeeping, the setting up of a home, its furnishing, equipment, and management are always the longed for haven of all his romances. The failure of David and Dora's married life is simply a failure in housekeeping. They never loved one another less, nor went philandering after other people. Dora was a divine sweetheart to the last, and yet she knew that her married life was a tragedy.

'I am afraid it would have been better, if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife.'

Well; it depends upon what you ask of a wife! At any rate Dora was not fit to be a housekeeper.

And to be a good little housekeeper is, as we have seen, the one goal to Charles Dickens of all soft whisperings in the twilight. The lovers begin with that ideal from the first. Ruth Pinch makes a pudding, and is immediately etherealized. Traddles's first consideration, when once he has secured the affections of the dearest girl in the world, is the provision of furniture. Sophie buys a flowerpot and stand for the parlor window out of her earliest savings, and Traddles himself acquires a little round table with a marble top — two feet ten inches in circumference — 'admirable piece of workmanship, firm as a rock' — but there is always one anxiety in the background, one menacing kill-joy of apprehension. How will they ever collect the tablecloths, the pillow cases, the ironmongery and candle boxes, because all those little things mount up? Still their motto is 'Wait and Hope.'

And when the household goods are collected, even if the whole supply of family glass amounts to no more than two tumblers, and a custard cup without a handle, what a time they will have together, with their family about them, round the Christmas fire! All roads lead at last to the roast goose and speckled pudding of the Cratchits — there was a housewife for you, if you like — Bob said, and calmly too that he regarded that pudding as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Come, then, let us all sit down together and be happy. The compound in the jug is simmering; the chestnuts are spluttering on the fire. 'God bless us everyone!'

V

Well; we have reduced Love and married life into the region of burlesque. It is time to rescue it before we finish. And of course amid all this saturnalia of good citizenship there are

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glimpses enough in Dickens of the sinister side of passion — the shadow cast by Love, like the shadow which followed Betsey Trotwood through the midnight streets, or waited for Lady Dedlock by the gate of the graveyard. Dickens may not have drawn a grand passion, a supreme attraction that turns men and women into fallen gods, knowing good and evil — but he knew the ugly side of Love only too well; he knew what a beast Love can make of a man, when desire is thwarted and pride set down.

Bradley Headstone is perhaps the nearest Dickens ever got to the portrayal of a man tortured out of endurance by a passion which burns him like the shirt of Nessus.

'You are the ruin of me,' he cries to Lizzie Hexam, 'I have no resources in myself, I have no confidence in myself, I have no government of myself when you are near me or in my thoughts. . . . No man knows till the time comes what depths are within him. To some men it never comes; let them rest and be thankful. . . . You could draw me to fire, you could draw me to water, you could draw me to the gallows. . . . But I have been set aside and cast out. I only hope that I may never kill him.'

The step from fear to brooding, from temptation to consent is a very narrow one. Given the opportunity, and Bradley Headstone becomes John Jasper, and jealousy finds its inevitable end in betrayal and murder.

VI

But the shadows pass — all shadows always pass across the pages of Dickens's golden book of life — the shadows pass, and the sunlight comes out again. At the end of all his stories the chimes are forever ringing the wedding peal. In the matter of love, Dickens is an indomitable optimist, and who can say how many happy marriages crown the panorama of his dreams? For Dickens might have laughed with his characters never so much, as he followed them in and out of the tortuous ways of life, but at heart he loved them all the better for his laughter, and like the old-fashioned playgoer, he liked to see everybody comfortable and contented at the finish.

Here is Sophie, hiding behind the curtains among the dingy law books in the Inns of Court, and dragged out into the firelight, a midsummer rose of blushes. Here, after many days, is the last bottle of the old Madeira, hoary with dust and cobwebs, the golden wine shedding a lustre on the tablecloth. For Walter and his wife have come home, and Toots and Susan are married also — and all the wanderings are done, and there shall be no more sea. There must be feasting, of course, for with Dickens all happy anniversaries imply a full table; but it shall be the simple comforts of the homely hearth — with no damaging taint of the veneerings.

And of all such homely feasts there is perhaps one that stands out in the brightest light of all — not the less bright because it is the first feast — a wedding day feast, to tell the truth, and a stolen secret wedding at that. The sun is setting over the river at Greenwich, and three conspirators are seated in the bow window overlooking the laughing water. The bridegroom is there, and, of course the bride, and the third figure, cherubic, beaming, the very embodiment of the god of love himself, is the dear little father who has lent his countenance to this naughty runaway match, who will have to answer for it when he gets home, and who is terribly conscious at the back of his heart that he is going to be intolerably lonely, now that his Bella is lost to him, but who all the time keeps up the cheerfulness due to the occasion with an imperturbably unselfish smile.

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And what a dinner it was — complete symbol of Dickensian peace — fishes of all the colors of the rainbow, dishes seasoned with bliss, and golden drinks bottled in the golden age, and hoarding up their sparkles ever since.

'You won't feel solitary or neglected, Pa, going away by yourself — will you?'

Brave little cherub of a hero, what could he answer but 'No'? 'Lord bless you! No, my Life.' But there is no happiness in this world so complete, but it brings some shadow of loss to someone else.

'Good-bye, dearest Papa, good-bye.'

'Good-bye, my darling. Take her away, my dear John. Take her home.'

The old man turns back to the lonely life, as age, alas! must always turn away, however much it loves, from the perfect happiness of youth. But the last glimpse of them is enough to comfort him on his solitary way.

For the sun is shining still, and 'So, she leaning on her husband's arm, they turned homeward by a rosy path, which the gracious sun struck for them in its setting. And O, there are days in this life worth life and worth death. And O, what a bright old song it is, that O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round!'

The Dickensian

BOOKS AND READING

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Among my early — though not my very earliest — recollections is that of a far-away Christmas morning. Whether frost-bound was the air, whether snowflakes were silently drifting across the window, I cannot remember. But I can very clearly descry — in a vague spectral fashion can even again become — the small boy of six or seven I then was. He is sitting up in bed, his wits still fringed with dream, and in the folds of his counterpane lie an orange, a red-cheeked apple, a threepenny bit, and a limp stocking that has well served Santa Claus's purpose. It is not, however, the orange or the apple or the threepenny bit that incarnadines the occasion, but a book: a limp, broad picture-book, printed in bold type, with half a dozen or so full-page plates in the primary colors — Gulliver, pinned down by lank strands of his hair and being dragged along by a team of cart-horses, fifty strong, on a vast shallow dray with wheels like reels of cotton; Gulliver entertaining (and being richly entertained by) two sneezing Lilliputians in his gold snuff box; Gulliver with desperate head just emerging from a Brobdingnagian bowl of cream.

Not only is it possible to reanimate these glossy and gaudy pictures more vividly (and with more pleasure) than to visualize, say, the façade of Buckingham Palace, but with a ghostly thrill I remember how I then and there proceeded to spell out word by word that bowdlerized edition of a romance which may or may not be the more valuable for being also a satire, of a

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satire which is at any rate sacks full of moidores and doubloons the richer for being also a romance. *Gulliver's Travels*, then, was that small boy's first rememberable book. In that minute the most insidious of life's habits had taken this innocent in its nets; the ichor of fantasy had begun to thin his blood. He had become — and will probably remain to his last hour — the slave of the printed word.

It was, indeed, a crucial moment. What manner of man, he fondly speculates, would he have been to-day if he had remained, as he was born, illiterate? If Fate had spared him the early tears that bedewed his *Butter*, would he now be happier, wiser, fuller, deeper; would his company be more sufferable, his solitude sweeter? Might he have made his mark in the world if he had never learned to scrawl his name upon paper? Would the running brooks, would stones——? The time spent, squandered on reading! Say two hours a day (a narrow estimate) for, say, thirty-nine years; twenty-eight thousand four hundred and seventy golden hours, as I believe, of a workaday life (not counting 29th of February) — hours that might otherwise have been devoted to the pursuit of virtue, to the exploration of the material (and of the immaterial) world, to the amassing of wealth, to the 'making' of 'things,' to walking, talking, thinking, dreaming, doing nothing — a positive sea of leisure, an unplumbable ocean of the might-have-been.

Books, in sober commonplace, more emphatically even than his clothes, his tools, and his weapons, are man's strangest invention. Not even a Fabre has yet surprised a bee or an ant in its library, nor could the most talented of all time's asses quote to the prophet the written word. How uncomprehendingly, even if compassionately, must an angel from heaven — who reflects omniscience as a crystal reflects light — smile on a poor human sitting engrossed in a romance: angled upon his hams, motionless in his chair, spectacles on nose, his two feet as close together as the flukes of a merman's tail, only his strange eyes stirring in his time-worn face. Yet, each in his degree, we heedlessly remain the prey of this astounding convention. The mills of the publishers grind on. Paper succeeds to pulp and pulp to paper, in never-ending metempsychosis. Librarians perish like the guests of Heliogabalus. Books die like flies — follow swiftly even authors of renown into the tomb. Only a few thousand are the world's true riches, and the Leaguers of the Nations are not yet considering the convocation of a Congress of Graybeards with power (and ability) to appraise, condemn, distill this endlessly accumulating, multifarious secretion of humanity's queer intellects. Why is there no sect, no Brotherhood of Quietists, of Realists, who have forsworn the inaudible clamor of reading, this life at second, or third, hand? When will the moralist bestir himself to condemn this universal stimulant and opiate? Why do we continue on and on to read and read and read?

The answer will vary according to temperament and age. In youth books are a matter of compulsion, either from without or from within. Imperceptibly the physic becomes a drug. As we grow older, duty calls with a less strident voice; and pleasure goes attired in her weeds. Our parents, indeed, read to be edified — but the very word, edification, is now little but a Victorian souvenir, drenched with associations of a Sabbath kept not wisely, but too well. Is it the literary mist and gloom and vacancy of those remote Sundays which haunt and thinly saturate the atmosphere of every great library and

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cloud the mind of a lover of books with a melancholy undelighted in even by Dürer or Keats?

What shall be said of instruction, of the acquisition of learning and knowledge? On the one hand:

> To most kind of men it is an extraordinary delight to study. For what a world of books offers itself, in all subjects, arts, and sciences, to the sweet content and capacity of the reader. . . . So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have (as he that hath a dropsy, the more he drinks the thirstier he is) the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus;* harsh at first learning is *radices amarae*, but *fructus dulces*, according to that of Isocrates, pleasant at last; the longer they live, the more they are enamored of the Muses. . . .

On the other:

> How many poor scholars have lost their wits, or become dizards, neglecting all worldly affairs and their own health, wealth, *esse* and *bene esse*, to gain knowledge, for which, after all their pains, in this world's esteem they are accounted ridiculous and silly fools, idiots, asses, and (as oft they are) rejected, condemned, derided, doting, and mad. . . . Go to Bedlam and ask.

'Content,' 'capacity'! the poor Bedlamite may be desperately enamored of the Muses, but still the sport of his memory:

> Hence sences apprehensions end doth take,
> As when a stone is into water cast:
> One circle doth another circle make,
> Till the last circle touch the banke at last . . .

and that bank is called oblivion. It is by far the richest and most variegated chamber of the mind of which I am precarious caretaker. The ignorance of that mind indeed can most amiably be described as picturesque — a history mainly consisting of the Dark Ages; a geography (owing in part, perhaps, to the presence of a crater in my cranium where a handsome Mount of Locality should be) incomparably more ingenuous and erratic than Marco Polo's; a philosophy just practicable enough to serve as a leaky baler on the ocean of life; a science that to this very hour is more than dubious as to why the pot calls the kettle black.

Intellectual curiosity — a gem of purest ray serene — will perhaps continue to coruscate up to the last daybreak of this mortal life; but, to speak from personal experience, there comes a time when facts refuse the most seductive bait. All kinds and species of remarkable birds of remarkable plumage descend from the blue to enjoy the crumbs, but they positively scorn to *nest* in one's garden. So at length one surrenders even the hope of being informing because one can never, never be 'well informed.' Grist may continue to come to the mill; the poor old miller to gloat over the sacks; but he would starve indeed if he had to subsist on the resultant meal.

We read, again, in a spirited endeavor to see how the world wags, to keep abreast of the times — and the *Times*. But that queer animal, the world, has a dizzying multiplicity of tails, and all of them feverishly wag in different directions; while how is it possible to keep abreast in a race which consists of an interminable number of heats, of which the goal remains imperceptible, and the consolation prizes (bestowed, as it seems, 'on account') so quickly depreciate?

Some of us read in order that we may acquire the wherewithal to converse with — a pernicious practice leading not to talk, blessedest of life's anæsthetics, but to the excited exchange of intelligent remarks. A few read in order that they may write — 'Big fleas have little fleas. . . .' All of us, at all seasons of our lives, read for amusement's sake; 'to while away the time'; lest the devil should find, etc. (a poor tribute to both parties). And though the book nibbled at for pure amusement is joy itself compared with the

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book 'taken up' to escape boredom — a state unknown to Robert Louis Stevenson and to virtue — it would probably (after practice) give more delight to sit placid and solitary, dangling a hook in the deep, changeful, and beautiful sea of the past, or simply to fix one's eyes in detached scrutiny on a pebble, a blade of grass, a snail, the moon, a whitewashed wall, a face, a surmise, a speculation, a fear, a hope— and await events:

> Happy those early days, when I
> Shined in my angel-infancy! . . .
> When on some gilded cloud or flower
> My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
> And in those weaker glories spy
> Some shadows of eternity.

More peculiar incitements inspire the fanatic to continue his literary quest — something, for instance, uncommonly like the gambling instinct. Such a man prowls round books as a wasp prowls round a honey pot, as the Conquistadores prowled round Peru:

> That memorable day,
> (June was the month, Lorenzo named the Square) . . .
> Thence bit by bit I dug
> The lingot truth, that memorable day,
> Assayed and knew my piecemeal gain was gold. . . .

Romana Homicidiorum was the title of the poet's small quarto, price a lira, in question; but, alas! the Pompilias in the Newgate Calendar are few and far between.

A book, again, may be a short cut into thought, a secret alley into dreamland, a challenge on the outskirts of the unknown. Sheer insatiable desire may urge us on — nothing Platonic nor prepossessing, but the greed to feed and feed, to sate the senses on this unforbidden fruit for the sake of the least infinitesimal ingredient it may secrete of that manna for which the soul pines. 'Unforbidden' — but is this mental gluttony also among the deadly sins? Impatience with actuality, which has led martyrs to the stake; the zest for adventure, to free the head and the heart from the shackles of circumstance, which has led many a forgotten hero (and miscreant) to the grave; the craving for solitude; the hunger for companionship; the all-human inclination to be moved, touched, soothed, excited, transported, intoxicated, at peace — all these are common incentives.

The whys, indeed, and the wherefores are Legion, and in any twenty-four hours a man may browse in twenty-four volumes for two dozen several reasons, for in books, as in friendship, in ideas and ideals, we most of us are compelled to live from hand to mouth. Nevertheless, if, at a certain age, the problem be examined a little more closely, a reason seems to emerge, at the same time more comprehensive and individual than any yet suggested, though compounded, possibly, of them all. Nothing esoteric, nothing profound, yet a reason which may help the devotee to forgive himself for many a seemingly wasted and objectless hour, beginning, in my own case, with that when the Dean of St. Patrick's came down the chimney to gladden a small boy's heart one Christmas day in the morning.

But to skirt around it will require a little more space.

The Saturday Westminster Gazette

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THE MARSH: A PICTURE

BY H. T. C.

ONCE, when the world was much younger, the marsh must have been covered by the sea, but now it is a vast expanse of short grass, tussock, and bog, with here and there a grove of short, wind-battered trees. Running right into the heart of the marsh is a wide stretch of yellow-brown sands, over which the tide flows when the westerly gale drives the sea, roaring up the bay, far inland over the marsh. Tradition says that ships have been driven in the teeth of such a gale on the crest of the tide, and wrecked, miles from the edge of the marsh, mouldering to dust amid the tussocks, and haunted by waterfowl, until not a rotting rib remained to tell that a ship once lay there. Or, perhaps the marsh folk of those days gathered the oaken gift of the storm and used it as firewood. The memory of these wrecks is a distorted one. The handed-down legend sometimes declares that it was a galleon from the Spanish Main, laden deep with treasure from the Indies; sometimes one of the fleeing ships of the Armada, seeking to escape the relentless foe that pursued; then, again, it was a Danish ship. But to whatever country the ship may have belonged, whether there was one or many, tradition is always certain of this fact — the marsh folk of those days sacked the vessel and put the crew to the sword. On windy nights, when the distant sea is roaring on the edge of the marsh, sheeted forms are said to be seen drifting across the watery wastes. Ghosts of a past tragedy, whisper the old crones, bending low over the peat fire. The rent and riven sea fog, declares the younger generation. But whether sheeted ghost or riven sea fog, the marsh is haunted by many 'boggets,' which the marsh folk declare are always ready to spring out upon the unwary, and for this reason only hardy folk will venture forth at night and traverse the lonely marsh roads, with their deep ditches of stagnant water and bird-haunted hedges. The wild wailing of the peewits or the seagulls' harsh clamor make weird music amid the mirk of a stormy night, and no wonder the marsh folk consider the wastes haunted by uneasy forms who cannot rest.

The marsh holds many secrets of the days when the raiding moss troopers descended upon the peaceful folk and carried off not only the cattle but the goods and chattels of the farmers. Tradition says that the thatched roofing of the buildings was so often fired by the raiders that the homely gray slate from the nearby hills was used instead, and that is the reason why one never sees thatched cottages in this part of the country. Many a grim, black part of the marsh is said to be the place where a foul murder was committed and the body hidden under the brown waters of the pools.

The dense white fogs sweep inward from the sea, and the wild-fowler caught in the web of their damp mesh must wait till the fog passes before he can venture home. The fog shuts in everything with its damp veil, and it is impossible to see a landmark or find any post to tell how the country lies.

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Between safety and the fog-imprisoned traveler lie many miles of marsh crossed by deep meandering streams, with sticky, muddy bottoms which hold the unwary as with a vise. Then, when the sudden tide comes in with a swirling eddy, the danger grows all the more real, for the muddy streams become at once deep torrents racing inwards, filling ditch and dyke to overflowing. Many tales are told of the fowlers caught in the fog. There was old Dan, the greatest poacher in the countryside, and so clever that no one had ever caught him red-handed, who wandered for hours over the sands, heading for the edge of the marsh, with the tide and full moon against him and a stormy sky that completely hid the light. At last he gained, as he thought, the head of the marsh, and with the racing tide around his feet scrambled upon an ancient stump of a tree, only to feel it rock uneasily under his weight. It was not until the moon burst through an opening in the clouds and the fog dispersed that he discovered that he was sailing down the estuary on an ebbing tide. Another poacher after salmon clung desperately to a stake he had thrust into the sand, and waited for the ebbing of the tide and the passing of the fog. He held his position during the night with great difficulty, only to find that he had planted his stake in the bed of a stream and that firm ground had been within stepping distance all the time.

Sands and marsh are a different place when the sun shines. The golden rays light up the yellow-brown spaces and black pools with a wonderful glow, and deep purple shadows come and go, making a picture delightful to look upon. Hundreds of mallards and other wild ducks gather at the edge of the pools and streams, and dip and splash, throwing showers of sparkling water in every direction. It seems strange that a frosty morning always invites the birds to have a bath. The black-headed gulls collect on the edge of a half-frozen pool amid the bogs and dip and dive, just as a smaller bird will do on a hot summer's day; but the gulls are at their best when the ground is frozen hard and only the little running brown streams are free from ice. They form a long line of swaying, splashing, gray creatures, while the tossing water drops catch the sun's rays and sparkle like diamonds. On the sands the heron broods gloomily, his great head sunk in his shoulders. Perhaps he is dreaming of the autumn salmon run, when he drove two greater black-backed gulls from the salmon they had captured and devoured the dainty before their angry eyes. Long lines of green plover wander sedately over the sands; every now and then one or two rise and perform their pretty love dance over the gleaming ripples of the pools, but they soon settle again, for the spring is not here and mating time is still distant. The curlew wades solemnly to and fro, uttering its plaintive cry, while the oyster catchers, flying up from the bay, settle down to fish. The lesser black-backed gulls fly off in long, steady flight to their feeding grounds on the lakes, while solitary pairs of their larger relatives wander on the sands or stand contemplating their surroundings. A great flight of geese fly high in the air, and when the geese honk high the weather will be fair. Most of the birds are silent; only the black-headed gulls fish in the shallow water and scream discordantly over their feeding. This gull's temper is easily upset, and its woes are voiced aloud so that the whole world might hear. Even when the sun sets in a crimson ball in the west it still continues fishing and screaming.

The Manchester Guardian

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THE ENDING OF THE ROAD

BY J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY

FIVE springs ago the never-ending road which winds its way out of the forest, spinning its spell as it goes, was dreaming of an immemorial past and calling up spirits from the vasty deep of unnumbered centuries. It was a lonely forest and the moorland that made part of it seemed even lonelier than the endless aisles. The brackish creek that ran in from the sea and clove the moorland asunder on its southern side, held, here and there, a ghostly barge, and near the waters were a few reclaimed meadows where gypsies encamped. The rare folk that trod these lonely ways seemed attuned to the spirit of solitude, and the grizzled ferryman who plied his leaky boat across the creek seemed like the ferryman of the fairy tales. One day he would leap on the bank leaving his oars in the hands of a traveler, who would become a ferryman forever and ever in the timeless land where the plover sadly calls the tides in from the sea to listen to the sighing of the wind in the inscrutable woods, mystery calling to mystery as is Nature's wont. Five years ago. Then all was suddenly changed.

The quiet earth took on her phase of terrible passion. The cry of a great wrong ran like woodland fire through the world and roused the sleepers, a wrong, brutal, bloody, faithless, and cynical, a wrong that threatened the freedom of man in every land and the liberty of all nations. At first men, and even nations, disbelieved that such a thing could be, shut their ears, and their eyes, and their souls to this terrible thing, this sudden hurling of massed millions of fighting men on unprepared nations, with instructions to slaughter and burn, and ravage, and so secure through the sudden horror of the deed a relentless hold on the riches and liberties of the earth. So instantaneous was the crime, so well-favored was the criminal, so far-reaching were the tentacles of this human octopus, that for a time there were men and nations that doubted, or pretended to doubt — or were too fearful to admit — the horror of the crime that Germany had committed against Belgium, who was her ward, against France whom she had wronged in other years. But England was not one of these, and the land of England turned from her dreams and her sloth to slay the octopus who was poisoning the earth — the hydra of modern times.

Herculean task enough, and for four bitter years the task took its appointed course. The record is written with letters of fire in many millions of aching hearts. And if the homes of England are filled with proud desolation, so, too, is the nation as a whole. It has been with Daniel through the fiery furnace, walking therein with God, and, despite all that is written to the contrary, has come forth cleansed, with shining eyes looking to that future which the dead have made possible. School, and chapel, and church keep the dead in living remembrance. Above the list of the fallen in the great schoolroom at Wiltwater the headmaster put up the lines:

> Those whose names are written here
> Entered Silence without fear.
> Now they speak with golden tongue.
> Listen! They, like you, were young.

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For more than four years the slaying of the hundred heads went on, with ever two heads of evil springing forth from the place whence one was hewn. But at last genius, resolve, faith, brought the end, and on the never-ending road which through all these years had been hammered by hoofs and wheels and tramping feet of war, the old silence fell. For a time it was followed by returning troops, and many a home-coming army retraced the footsteps of those men who had gone down to the little seaport to return no more. For a time the sounds and weapons of war rolled along the ancient road, but less and less was it used, and the armistice winter passed and gave back to the spring a solitary road. The road returned to its thinking, but it was not the same road and never would be again. The new experience had absorbed the old, and though nothing was altered, though the bend of the road and the sky-line of trees and the glimpses of water, of hilly copses, of bright green marsh were the same, though the wild geese flew as high and the sparrow hawk called as clear, yet nothing was the same since the spirits that haunted it were changed spirits, and all old things were made new.

In the far, far days before the war the spirits of the road loitered and communed with one another, and reënacted this deed or that deed of interminable centuries. At times their antics were so boisterous that human eyes could see them, but the dreams of the road were not purposeful, they were dreams and nothing more. But now the spirits were changed. They put by their dreaming and fain would live indeed, would play a part in the purpose of the race, since the race in the great quest of the great war had shown that it had a purpose, and not for itself only but for the world. How could they show it, these spirits of dead men and women who had trodden the road since the days of the Roman or earlier, down even to these latter days of unquenchable hope? So as the first burst of spring ran through the forest and the moor, through the lowlands and the uplands, the bartons where the sheep graze, the meadows where the kine are, the spinny where the fox cubs dwell, the tall firs whence the hawks are calling, the swaying larches where in the feathery first green the linnets are singing, the spirits went forth together, a wonderful legion of them more musical than the lark, to find the Ending of the Road where the purpose of things should be seen. How far, said the Briton to the Roman; how far, said the Roman to the Jute; how far, said the Jute to the Dane; how far, said the Dane to the Norman; how far, said they all to the Briton; how far is the Ending of the Road?

And as they went, a blessed company that had no tears, they saw that a new world was in the making. The countryside grew glad as they swept along it; the sadness of it, the waste of life in hapless villages, the unpreparedness, the unfruitful solitude changed as they winged along. A new joy had touched churches, chapels, schools, and cots. The little children glowed with the health that was their birthright; the youths and maidens walked with knowledge, which is truth and hope, in their happy eyes; the men walked with a new assurance of the dignity of life, the women with a new vision of the holiness of things. Every man's hand was against the things of evil. Every man's hope was fixed on other man's good. The moving scene was no transitory vision, for as villages glided into towns, and the endless road wound its way through great places of production; still the spirits saw hope shining in the eyes of men, and a freshness as of the morning on the foreheads of the

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crowd. The hovel and the slum had gone, the demons of disease had been tracked out of their lairs, the angels of thought and poetry had taken up their dwelling place with men. At last the gates of things beautiful had been thrown open not only to the poor but to the rich, and the values of life had become manifest at last to those whose eyes want or wealth had for centuries bound up. So the company of spirits passed on and they were happy, for they knew that this was no dream, no vision of an impossible heaven, but a change that had been wrought by a change of heart, not by any doctrine of revolution, not by any devilish policy of hatred between class and class, but by the joint determination of men under the stress of unexampled things to find out by knowledge, by sympathy, by reason, by love, the way to a better and yet not impossible world.

And the Endless Road ran on through all the glories and the shining places of England, that jewel of the sea, and the spirits of the road winged along it in search of the Ending of the Road. They no longer asked how far, but they wondered whether the end would come by some cathedral mystic in its holy twilight, where the rolling of incommunicable music would touch the soul with the sense of the presence of God; or whether it would come on some mountain top, sun smitten at the close of day, whence they could see the Promised Land. But their astonishment was great when at last they saw, in a little dip of wonderful hills, the road suddenly end. It was a mysterious green spot with patches of woodland shining with the sunlight in the gray-green foliage. The road stopped in the grass and there was an end. Not even a path ran on or a sheep track. And just by the spot where the road ended was a signpost, so like a cross, that at a little distance it seemed that it was a cross. And it was near this spot that all the roads of all the land had ending. And the spirits from all the roads of all the land rose in the air above the signpost, and winged higher and higher till they were lost to view in the glow of the rising moon and setting sun.

. . . . . .

The Bishop of Wiltwater told the parable to his young men of all classes who sat with him in his palace at Wiltchester after supper on a Sunday evening. 'It is a sort of folk story, is n't it?' said one young man with some compassion in his voice. 'Yes,' said the Bishop; 'I suppose it is. It was told me by a man who thinks that folklore is race memory. Do anyone of you believe in race memory?' They thought, and smoked, and smoked, and thought, and then Jasper said: 'Yes, of course, race memory is real enough, but what is worrying me, and I think all of us, is the complement to race memory. If there is memory of a race as a whole there is looking forward as a whole. Do we look forward as a whole?' The Bishop lit his pipe and sipped his coffee. He had expected the question but hesitated as to the answer. Presently he said, 'Race memory comes up from the period of folk communities. These stories of the road are stories of the movings and wanderings of communities. Race anticipation must look forward to a period of communities. That is right, is n't it, Wilfred?' The boy who had been deep in Maine, said: 'It sounds right, sir.' 'Well, but if it is right it surely means that we are moving towards a period of voluntary association again, an age of mutual help, a time when the State will be merely an instrument of perfecting the imperfect status of the individual, as in the Roman age. Is n't that so?' 'Yes,' said another youth, with an eager manner, 'but if that is so what purpose do we find in it all? It is like a spiral.

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We mount but where do we mount to?'

'Yes, that is my difficulty, too,' said the Bishop. 'Can anyone suggest a solution? Light pipes and think.' So they thought and thought, and while they thought the Bishop watched them. This to him was ideal, this thinking on equal terms with all sorts and conditions of youth, this clashing of minds, this feeble but, therefore, priceless feeling out after truth. At last one young man spoke. He said, 'Can there be purpose that is not personal? Can there be race purpose, or purpose unrelated to any individual? I don't believe there can.' 'Oh! but that's nonsense,' said the Bishop. 'Have you ever seen one mind move a crowd?' 'Yes, but he gives his purpose to the crowd.' 'I know, but the crowd must have some quality of receptivity, some inchoate purpose. He could not give his purpose to a crowd of symbols. Do you see?' 'Yes, I see,' said the youth; 'curious that I never saw it before. I see too now the end of the parable. I suppose Christ shows the purpose and some of us, a few of us, are capable of taking it.' 'All of us,' said the Bishop; 'that is just the difference between us and the symbols.' 'Let me see,' said the boy, rubbing his forehead. 'Tell us again the end of the story,' and the Bishop with a smile stood in front of the fire and said: 'The Road stopped in the grass and there was an end. Just by the spot where the Road ended was a great signpost, so like a Cross that at a little distance it seemed that it was a Cross. And near this very spot all the Roads of all the land had ending. And the spirits from all the Roads of all the land rose in the air above the Cross, and winged higher and higher till they were lost in the glow of the setting sun.' 'Was there no one left?' 'Oh, I had forgotten,' said the Bishop, 'the whole point of the story. There was a child looking up with beaming eyes under the signpost, laughing and clapping his hands in the warm spring weather.'

The Contemporary Review

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ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

THE BELFAST STRIKE

On more than one occasion in its history, Belfast has proved a city of surprises. The present strike took the general public unawares, and sent most of the special correspondents who had been expecting trouble in Dublin in connection with the Dail Eireann hotfoot to the North. In its broadest aspect the strike is a virtual declaration of political independence by the workers. Hitherto employers and employed in the northeastern corner have been so closely bound together by religious and political ties that disunion among them seemed impossible. Their unity was cemented by the seeming dangers that assailed them from without, Nationalism and Home Rule. Now all the workers in Belfast have come to realize that commonalty of interest which is likely in the future to insure coöperation between them, at least in all movements designed to benefit their class. Whether the practical unanimity now prevailing among all ranks of Belfast labor will ultimately extend to other spheres, and whether the truce now called to political and religious feuds of long standing will be permanent, are matters for speculation. Complete reconciliation between the warring elements hitherto artificially sundered by a too violent partisanship cannot be effected at once, but the step now taken is in the right direction, and, from a national and Irish standpoint, one of happy augury for the future.

As to the causes of the strike, the position in Belfast has not been properly understood. Though the local employers and employees are attached to associations and unions which have their headquarters in England, they have always claimed and always exercised a certain amount of local autonomy. As a result of this the Belfast yards during the war were not affected by the periodical strikes in the shipbuilding centres in Great Britain. Awards granted by the Committee of Production applied in Belfast only after separate request had been made for their application. This local autonomy is of importance, as it accounts for the separate demand made in Belfast for a forty-four-hour week, though the Clyde and other British centres were in favor of forty. It also takes away largely from the unofficial character of the strike which has been so much stressed by the employers. It is a matter of history now that a ballot on the forty-seven-hour week was taken in the various unions comprised in the Shipbuilding and Engineering Federation. The Irish branches, confined principally to Belfast, also took a ballot, and the result was a big majority against the acceptance of forty-seven hours. This majority was, however, swamped by the large number of 'ayes' on this side. Such an outcome was disappointing to the Belfast workers, and, as they had raised the question of the forty-four-hour week as early as the beginning of last September, they downed tools. The immediate motive of the strike was thus economic. The men used the traditional weapon of their class simply for the betterment of their conditions. It was, however, the first instance in all the recent history of Belfast labor where Orangemen and Nationalists, Protestants and Catholics, have been called out on a common issue, and where all parties and creeds

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of workers have combined to forward a common cause. This combination does not certainly make them irresistible, but it gives a cohesion to their ranks, and adds a dignity and force to their demands, which would be lacking were their house divided against itself. Whatever may be the outcome of the strike, a return to the old hostilities between the two leading religions is almost impossible. Carsonism, which was the triumph of reaction, will flourish no more. The workers who returned so many Unionists at the recent elections will not, indeed, lightly shed their Unionism, but the first and most difficult barrier between them and their Catholic fellow workmen has been broken down. They will no longer be swayed by the political outpourings of a Saunderson, a Carson, or a Craig. If they have taken the present lesson to heart, they are likely to discount the jeremiads of the Die Hards and the croakings of the prophets of evil when the urgent question of settling Ireland's political claims comes up for its long-deferred solution.

Though the Orange drum may not be too speedily silenced, especially if the employers seek to revive its discords, yet the failure of their chosen members of Parliament to come to their assistance in the hour of need has disillusioned many sincere Orangemen. Alone among the nine Belfast members Mr. Joseph Devlin has spoken out for the workers. In addition, the Orangeman sees Catholic workers fighting by his side, while from the south, especially from the all-powerful Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, he has had offers of unstinted support. Truly the moment is an auspicious one in the political history of the country, though the occasion, involving as it does a schism in the ranks of industry, is not too happy. Out of evil at times there cometh good, and we cannot but regard the result as desirable though flowing from an undesirable source.

The cause of the trouble in Belfast we have diagnosed as economic, but the remedy cannot be so easily prescribed. The dispute is one between employers and employed. The interests of the community have been hurt by interference with municipal utilities. The government have refused to intervene, since the war is over and strikes are no longer strictly illegal, and have failed to come up to the minimum *laissez faire* requirement of keeping the ring. The masters have shown an unbending front. In the circumstances it would be presumption on our part to advocate a cure. We will only observe that the settlement when come to must be a national one. A uniform working week is necessary in all the yards in the United Kingdom so as to insure equality of competition. It has been a recent practice in the Liverpool yards and engineering shops to work shorter hours than elsewhere, but, generally speaking, up to the time of the present trouble the working week all over the United Kingdom was fifty-four hours. This fifty-four-hour week was worked the year round in Belfast, but on the Clyde it was shortened in the winter months. To standardize the time may be, of course, prejudicial in Belfast, since it is not ideally situated for shipbuilding or repair work. All the materials required, coal, iron, steel, and timber, must be imported, and the Lagan and the Lough do not provide the best of fairways. The Belfast workers, however, maintain that they are entitled to special consideration, since their output exceeds that of other yards. This claim can be substantiated from the shipbuilding records kept during the later period of the war. We will take as a specimen month the month of August, 1918, and as a specimen vessel the B type of standard ship,

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and compare the records of different yards in respect of vessels of that type completed during the month. The comparison may be set out as follows:

Yard Where Built	Time taken from Laying of Keel to Launching.	Time taken from Laying of Keel to Completion.
	Weeks	Weeks
Belfast	23	24
Stockton	31	41
Sunderland . . .	33	42
South Shields . .	37	44
Hull	37	44
Sunderland . . .	34	47
Sunderland . . .	35	48
Glasgow	45	54
Glasgow	46	55
Glasgow	47	55

From the above table it can be gathered that the construction of the shell and the engining and fitting of the hull are performed more rapidly in Belfast than elsewhere. The type of steamer selected is a fair sample of the requirements of the modern tramp trade in ocean-going vessels, and is, therefore, not one more suited to Belfast than to other yards. The specification of B standard ships is five thousand one hundred tons gross, or eight thousand one hundred tons deadweight, four hundred feet long, fifty-two feet broad, thirty-one feet deep, twenty-five feet draught, and two thousand five hundred horsepower, giving an average speed of eleven knots. It may be, indeed, that the equipment of building berths, of engineering shops and fitting-out piers, is more complete in Belfast than elsewhere. If such is the case — and, though unversed in technical matters, we are inclined to say it is — the margin in favor of Belfast is likely to be reduced when the equipment of other yards, which could not in most cases be improved during the war, is brought up to date. No doubt the Belfast workers display much application and devote to their work a considerable portion of the energy spent elsewhere on revolutionary and anarchical propaganda. This social quietism is probably due to the strong religious beliefs of the workers. The religious constitution of the Belfast shipyard population is difficult to determine with accuracy. During the war a maximum of thirty thousand and a minimum of twenty thousand men found employment in the yards. If we take the lower figure as representing the average over the past decade, we may say that not more than five thousand and not less than three thousand were Roman Catholics. During the war the influx of members of the latter faith into the yards has become distinctly noticeable. Previous to 1914 it was not usual to find Catholic apprentices in these Irish yards. The skilled men were overwhelmingly Protestant, and they retained the vacancy generally for their own sons or relations, and certainly for some Protestant. To enter the yards a Catholic usually found it necessary to serve his time in Dublin or on the other side of the Channel, and when he was a fully-fledged worker and trade union member he could then return to the Belfast yards, where, in virtue of his union membership, he could not be denied admission. On the outbreak of war the anti-Catholic feeling gradually subsided in face of the united national effort required to meet the new foe that had arisen on the Continent. This feeling has always come to the surface at times when Home Rule is being actively discussed or when processionists of the rival parties have chanced to come in conflict. The fault has usually lain on both sides. The change at present observable in the relations between members of the two denominations is, therefore, all the more desirable and may, perhaps, be the harbinger of a coming reunion between the long-sundered divisions of North and South.

The Statist

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THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK IN GERMANY

THE insane wage demands and extortions of the working classes have caused expenses to rise beyond all measure. Up to now they have been afforded, and could be afforded because the most of the ironworks had abundant stocks, which were warehoused in order to assist in the transition to peace business conditions. Now these are exhausted or are dwindling from day to day, and everyone can pretty exactly foresee the time when their bank balances will be gone, and they will be incurring bank debts. That is the point which will bring weeping and gnashing of teeth to all those who believed they were bettering themselves by excessive demands. For when nothing is left, even the workman has lost his rights. The works, however, cannot incur bank debts for long, in order to pay wages. All the less so, as they are deprived of the possibility of going on working, if they cannot obtain the means of changing over to peace conditions, and of the purchase of raw materials, etc. The financial position of works, formerly brilliantly prosperous, goes steadily and irresistibly downwards, and now they have fallen into the slavery of debt to the banks. To be free of this was formerly their pride, and it was also to the advantage of their workmen, as the more independent they were, the freer they remained in wage policy, and the sooner they could show themselves willing to meet just and reasonable demands. If this state of things lasts a few weeks longer, it is certain that by the stoppage of development the dead point will soon be reached, and unemployment will become greater than ever.

Here further troubles are threatened to the workers, in spite of the supposed improvement of their lot by increased wages. It was a settled thing that after the war there would be great activity in house building. The local authorities were to take in hand the building of dwellings on a great scale. Manufacturing companies and private builders were also to erect dwellings. Of all this there is now little or nothing to be noticed. Bricks are wanting, it is said, also iron and wood. Of money no one speaks, and that is just where the difficulty lies. For the erection of dwellings, in consequence of the rise of prices and wages, twice or three times, and even four times, the amount is needed to-day which formerly had to be expended. That naturally frightens everybody who has to reckon in any way with the future. Representatives of public bodies, as well as private business men, tell themselves that the present developments cannot last forever. If they were now to take in hand building to any great extent, they would expend capital and incur enormous interest liabilities, which sooner or later, when the reaction came, they would be unable to meet. Consequently at present necessary works are not being undertaken, which would remove thousands from the streets, and would relieve the city unemployment funds. About the threatening communism or socialization which is at work one need not speak.

In the meantime the application of the eight-hour day is blamed for the stoppage of increased work in nearly all industries. That is correct, and it is also true that its sudden introduction has raised the expenses of the whole industry in wages alone enormously. To-day even coke and smelting furnaces are short of labor. And when the works try to close down, they frequently meet with opposition from the local authorities, who declare that they cannot feed further masses of workmen

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because already the increase in number of workers brought in by the eight-hour day is out of proportion to the available stocks of foodstuffs. The introduction of the eight-hour shift in the present scarcity of raw material and the prevailing traffic difficulties, not to mention the enormous increase in expense for wages, has yet further raised the cost of production, because it has made necessary costly internal changes in the industries. For the employment of three shifts throughout the whole day is not possible. One must be satisfied with one or at best with two shifts, and cannot have continuous work, the fires must be let out or damped down, and relighted, and, therefore, much more fuel is required than in continuous working. The constant labor troubles do more to increase the evil. It is no longer a question of political rights and freedom, unless the right of extortion, threats, and reckless forcing of wage demands may be considered political. Thus the output of coal and production of iron are falling off, and work is at a standstill in other districts, where it will be long in restarting.

The Berlin government looks on impotently while continually new bodies are formed who act of their own accord. If they had the will and the power, they could soon put an end to the whole disorder by energetic action. In both respects, however, they are wanting, and the confusion, therefore, is growing with no end in sight. Also the depreciation of our currency and our growing indebtedness to foreign countries cannot be remedied, for the first requisite thereto is the speediest increase in production of goods and vigorous resumption of exports. As things are, we cannot cover our own requirements, and still less can we send anything abroad. What we need besides exports, are foreign credits, with which we could take in hand the reëstablishment of our industries, the revival of building, the supply of raw materials. Doubtless we should get help from abroad if we worked as we did formerly, but as long as economic anarchy prevails, and chaotic socialistic schemes are threatened, no one abroad will think of investing his capital in German undertakings. At the same time our interior money conditions continually get worse. The Spartacists, we were told lately, took possession of the Imperial Printing Office, and found there considerable stocks of paper money ready for circulation. Three days later a hushing-up announcement was made to the effect that the Spartacists are certainly in possession of the Imperial Printing Office, but could not get at the paper money. Now it has been proved at the end of the house fighting that the Spartacus soldiers received pay at the rate of twenty Marks a day. It may well be asked where the money for this came from, for even of the present government it can hardly be supposed that they would assist their enemies with money. It may easily be conjectured that the Spartacists seized the stocks of the Printing Office, and divided them among their followers. In this case notes are in circulation which do not appear in the statements of the Imperial Bank and Loan Office, and it would be well to announce immediately how large the amount was which fell into the hands of the Spartacists. The directors of the Imperial Bank should clear the matter up. They have lately departed from their beloved ostrich policy in the matter of the War Loans, and they might also very well express an opinion on the question of the note circulation, especially as the last weekly statement showed a further increase therein, and the inflation of currency, therefore, makes further progress, and values continue to depreciate abroad. The greater it becomes the

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more unfavorable is our balance of payments and claims. All these things are the economic acquisitions of the so highly lauded great German revolution.

Kölnische Zeitung

PROLET-KULT, OR BOLSHEVIK EDUCATION

[The following article throws an interesting light on one aspect of Bolshevik rule. Under the title of 'Prolet-Kult,' it appeared in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of January 19, 1919, over the signature of Alfons Paquet, the Russian correspondent of that journal, who has lately returned from Moscow.]

THIS new watchword of Bolshevik Russia is short for *Proletarian Culture*. Prolet-Kult is a creation of the Commissary for Popular Enlightenment. The Commissariat, with its six or seven departments, is housed in the building of one of the old Imperial lyceums at Moscow, and it is one of these departments which centralizes the work of the Popular Education Committees that have been founded in the towns and in the country districts under the name of Prolet-Kult. . . .

When, in November, 1917, the Commissaries of the Workmen's and Peasants' Republic took over the heritage of the old ministries, it was A. Lunacarski, a *littérateur*, to whom Lenine assigned the task of popular education. The duties of this Commissariat included the settling of the relations of Bolshevism with the Church and with religion in general; the development of a new system of education, including the working out of a wholly new curriculum in common schools and technical institutes; the protection of monuments and antiquities; the management of museums; and, finally, the introduction of art to the masses. These tasks are more difficult in Russia than in any other country, since they involve such duties as that of protecting priceless examples of the Dutch School of Painting, Chinese vases, and sixteenth century religious pictures, in a country threatened with attack from without and suffering from famine and class warfare within, from the indiscreet attentions of factory committees, Red Guards, sailors' detachments and even of the 'Extraordinary Commission.' . . .

Yet, in some respects, the Ministry has an easier task than elsewhere. Intellectually speaking, the Russian people presents an almost virgin page; approach it with a powerful propaganda, and it will bring to the understanding of even complicated intellectual issues a natural freedom from prejudice, an engaging talent and a childlike versatility and receptiveness which one would be inclined to overrate if only one could forget how the average Russian deteriorates in intellectual quality as he grows older.

The Hydra of the Soviet Ministry has changed many of its heads in the course of the first year of the revolution, but Lunacarski's prudent headpiece has so far remained in position. In the midst of stormy all-night sittings in the Kremlin, amid mobilization decrees and the Terror, negotiations about the plots of foreign diplomats, exciting party conflicts, debates about emergency measures and wholesale proscriptions, he has been able to wrest from his comrades decrees for the nationalization of the Petrograd Conservatoires and the protection of antiquities and to secure credits for his educational Budget. More than once, on such occasions, Lenine has roughly counseled his friend to hold his tongue and go to bed; yet, some day, it will perhaps be admitted that Lunacarski's work has done more for the prestige of the Soviet Republic than a million placards against usurers or propaganda leaflets heralding the world revolution.

Lunacarski and a small group of pro-

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letariat intellectuals have undertaken to set the arts on fire with the revolution. Not satisfied with nationalizing the choirs of the old Imperial Court the larger theatres and the publishing houses, he has introduced a new style of concert — the concert meeting. This experiment, if not exactly artistic, is, at any rate, very suggestive and revolutionary, and its carefully assorted blend of serious music and politico-philosophical edification makes a double onset on the mind. Moreover, he has taken high schools and aristocratic mansions and turned them, at the public expense, into workmen's clubs, publishing plants, poetry reunions, and studios for painters, sculptors and dramatic artists. . . . In almost every town in Russia, new monuments have sprung up, as it were, from the ground, and provide the cities that they adorn with plenty of material for thought. Bold advertisements are posted in waiting rooms, meeting places, and at street corners. The Soviet Republic has introduced a new postage stamp; it is true that with numerous bold designs to choose from, a very banal example was selected. Commandeered printing presses are used to reproduce large quantities of cheap editions of the Classics and scientific textbooks. In industrial towns, such as Petrograd, Moscow, Ivanovo, and Nijni-Novgorod, the Commissariat has established Prolet universities on a polytechnic foundation, equipped with reading-rooms and students' unions. All this is Prolet-Kult; and to it should be added the newly-founded Socialist academy in Moscow, which lately rewarded Franz Mehring, and two Dutch Socialist thinkers, Panekoek and Madame Roland Holst, with money prizes for their books; and the new Lenine Society, which meets to discuss the intellectual problems of the revolution.

The Moscow Prolet-Kult is typical of the others throughout the country. It consists of representatives of the local workers' councils, of the professional councils and councils of civil servants, of the dispensaries, and of the Commissariat for Popular Enlightenment. Its constitution and programme of work were agreed upon at a Conference in February, 1918, and it was at the celebrations of the first anniversary of the Soviet revolution that it came before the public with its first finished achievements. A beautiful house belonging to a leading manufacturer named Morosov has been taken by the workmen and arranged as their club. The rooms are filled with scientific collections and artistic specimens in wonderful disarray, while the walls are covered with paintings and prints of little value. A youth of eighteen years, who was seated at a mahogany desk of truly royal appearance, engaged with a gray-haired musician in drawing up a concert programme, gave me a penciled admission card for a workmen's performance, which I attended the next evening. It consisted of recitations of poems by young workmen and of two dramatic crowd-scenes representing barricade battles, accompanied by declamations which made a deep impression. At the Morosov house there are typewriters on white marble stoves and workmen sitting on gilded sofas. I was led into the cellar and allowed to buy samples of the publications stored there; thin little pamphlets filled with clumsy verse, reports of Prolet Conferences, the weekly paper of the Ministry with accounts of the work of its sections, reunions, and technical classes, together with a handful of literary illustrated art periodicals, including one edited by the Minister himself. These magazines, with their pages set apart for the arts, music, and literature, have begun to make the Russian workman familiar with Rodin and Daumier,

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Walt Whitman and Heine, and to introduce him to the mysteries of prosody and the strivings of a young self-confident Russian art.

The old theatres are still open in Moscow and Petrograd. At the Marie Theatre in Petrograd I witnessed a performance, before an almost empty house, of Byron's *Corsair*, a ballet of dreamlike splendor and gayety, wonderful in its color, costumes, and singing. At the Great Theatre in Moscow I saw an old Russian fairy-tale pantomime, which was as opulent and fascinating as any given in the heyday of the old régime. In the Art Theatre of the lamented Stanislavski they are still today playing the Tsar-dramas of A. Tolstoy and putting whole romances of Dostoievski picturesquely and tenderly on the stage. Other Moscow theatres are performing Shakespeare, Schiller, Merimée, and plays by modern German writers, such as Gerhardt Hauptmann. Side by side with these old-established theatres, new primitive, popular, and factory theatres are springing up in all quarters of the town. During the anniversary of the revolution a small concert hall in a suburb was the scene of a most grotesque performance of the *Green Cockatoo*, and of a charming marionette play. The speaker of the evening made proud reference to the great artistic possibilities of the revolution, nor would it have been possible to contradict him. These possibilities are indeed wholly unconnected with the aristocratic or popular principle in art; but their existence is incontrovertible, and they are bringing their own surprises with them.

Are not these possibilities sufficiently attractive to summon what remains of the Russian intelligentsia to lend them their coöperation, regardless of politics? One might well suppose so, and yet it is just in the realm of art that the chasm which runs through the whole of Russian life manifests itself most strongly. For here, if anywhere, it is demonstrable that the dictatorship of the proletariat does not mean the dictatorship of the wisest. Russia's brutal rulers are demanding even from the arts that they should be subject to the communist principle. Music, painting, and poetry are under orders from the State to be revolutionary, garish, and irreconcilable. The appointment of artists by the Soviet authorities and the workmen's clubs is contingent upon written adhesion to the communist, or, at least, to the social revolutionary party. The chasm is there. There are many who would rather go without bread and shelter than submit to such tests, who bitterly denounce the whole system of Prolet-Kult as quackery and intellectual theft, and prophesy its early collapse. . . .

The University of Moscow is still holding its regular lectures. It still has a staff of teachers and students. The Commissariat for Popular Enlightenment protects its buildings and possessions from the attacks of Workmen's Councils, but that is all that it can do. The Russian student has changed his character. He no longer wears the uniform of the old régime, or the long hair of the revolutionary; nor does he devote his nights to politics. His studies claim all his time. The lecture rooms are unheated, but always crowded. Books have become rare, and are literally read to pieces. There is a lack of scientific equipment, but it is made up by ingenious substitutes from the simplest materials. It is as though the small band of the faithful instinctively avoided all the temptations of popularization which are always enticing the student to parade his knowledge before the masses and cajoling his work from him before it is complete in his own mind.

The New Europe

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TALK OF EUROPE

HELIGOLAND AND SECRET DIPLOMACY

To the Editor of the Morning Post:

SIR, — the destruction of the ports of Heligoland, which is one of the conditions of the extension of the armistice, induces me to address a letter to you in reference to the cession by Great Britain to Germany in 1890 as an object lesson of the dreadful results of the system of secret diplomacy, which may now be regarded as a thing of the past. I cannot forget that in August, 1914, a very few days after the declaration of war, the *Morning Post* admitted to its columns a letter from Mr. Prothero urging that the dismantlement of Heligoland should be a condition precedent to peace — a proposition which was then regarded by a public who little realized the magnitude of the war or the horrors it would necessarily involve as visionary.

It is a grim irony that war was proclaimed with Germany on August 4, 1914, the twenty-fourth anniversary to the very day of the giving of the Royal Assent to the Bill for the cession of Heligoland and its dependencies to the Kaiser. How little the public knew or cared about the issues involved in that cession is demonstrated by the fact that on June 2, 1890, about a fortnight before the plan of ceding Heligoland to Germany was authoritatively announced as a measure of government policy, the late Lord Pirbright, then Baron de Worms, who was Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, indignantly repudiated from his place on the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons any idea on the part of the government of such a surrender, and said that the cession of Heligoland to a foreign power was as little within the contemplation of the government as the surrender of the Channel Islands.

I do not desire to be unfair. The cession of Heligoland was effected by Statute. It could have been effected by prerogative, but the sanction of Parliament was sought and obtained when the transaction had been mutually settled by the governments. The Heligoland Bill, I am proud to think, a few members of the House of Commons of the time, of whom I was one, did our best to oppose. We were met with rebuke and ridicule and gibes and sneers. Major William Redmond, who was destined to fall so nobly on the field of battle in defense of human liberty against German despotism, was subjected to severe condemnation for inquiring whether the initiation in the matter of the cession of Heligoland came from the Kaiser or the British Cabinet. On looking over the literature of the day I lighted on a caricature of myself, holding in my hands a model of the fortress of Heligoland, while the tears streamed down my cheeks. The story of the ceremonial of the surrender of Heligoland on August 9, 1890, to the Kaiser, the German Fleet being present to assist at that ceremonial, as described in the papers of the day, is gruesome reading.

Ignorance of public affairs, the result of the system of secret diplomacy, produced the cession of Heligoland to Germany. If the people had been admitted to full information on matters of foreign policy, as will be the case in future, Heligoland would never have been ceded to Germany, and it may well be believed that if Heligoland had been in the possession of Great Britain in August, 1914, the war would never have been launched on a suffering world, or that, if there had been a war, it would not have been attended with the appalling loss of life and treasure of the world war which we have witnessed, and it would have been a war of infinitely shorter duration.

Yours, etc.,

J. G. Swift MacNeill.

THE IDEALS OF SINN FEIN

THE political aims of Sinn Fein are sufficiently known; they have been proclaimed on a hundred platforms; the Congress of the 'Irish Republic' has solemnly met and has declared its independence of Great Britain. But that is the smallest part of it. America declared her independence in 1776,

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and has since gloriously handed on to successive generations across the Atlantic the torch of English freedom, English law, and English literature. Sinn Fein Ireland, on the other hand, declares her independence of all these things.

'We regard all English institutions, manners, customs, words, and works, says Aodh de Blacam in the book before us, 'as so much rubbish that must be swept out and destroyed. . . . The Secret Island has once more come forth into the light. The Gael has realized himself and has taken steps to convince the world of his existence. . . . The sole bond of Irish nationality is the native Gaelic culture.'

This, the Gaelic revival, is, in the opinion of our author and the writers of his school, the true distinguishing mark of the new movement. O'Connell and his predecessors and successors talked much of the 'historic' Irish race, which they cheerfully traced back to the family of Noah. But Aodh de Blacam is sufficiently well read to discard all this nonsense. The Irish, he admits, were, like every other people, of mixed origin, and 'any attempt to base the Irish nation on racialism is absurd from the outset.' 'As for the Celts,' he says, 'no one knows who they were.' What is certain is that 'an Ireland of mixed tribes was compounded into a nation some time early in the Christian era'; and it is the Gaelic culture then evolved that must be restored if Ireland is to achieve her salvation. The Gaelic language in the new Republic is to become the sole medium of business, culture, and social life. English may only be taught — like French or German — 'to such as have leisure or need for a second language.' What is called 'the communal Gaelic State' is the ideal to be worked back to — a communal State that is, in some undefined way, to be linked up with James Connolly's Workers' Republic and thus with Bolshevism, for 'it is known to all that the Bolsheviki, the only protagonists in the great world struggle who performed a great act of renunciation in the name of Conscience, Justice, and Liberty, were led by men who studied Connolly's writings and watched his career.'

Here our author gets on dangerous ground; for Lenine and Trotzky, by all their words and acts, are internationalists and atheists first of all, whereas Connolly's Republic was, he says, proclaimed in Easter week by men who were 'representative of Catholic tradition,' and its creed 'was signed by the true children of Holy Ireland of old.' This is the stone of stumbling and the rock of offense upon which, in the judgment of competent observers in Ireland, Sinn Fein is destined to come to grief. Catholic tradition in Ireland is in the hands of a hierarchy which has no particular fondness for teachings that lead to the murder of priests and bishops and the desecration of churches; while the Workers' Union, with its loudly proclaimed international sympathies, will find it difficult to square its anarchic principles, and its defiance of all authority but that of the Workmen's Committees, with the precepts and practices of 'Holy Ireland.'

And if the idealists are in danger of collision with the Church on the one hand and Labor on the other, they are not on much safer ground when endeavoring to advance on the direct line of the Gaelic linguistic revival. By dint of constant repetition they may at times force themselves to believe that the country is rallying to them on that basis, and that they will shortly be in a position to 'interdict' the English language and English literature throughout Ireland. But there must be periods of reflection when they are face to face with the cold fact that the Irish language is steadily falling back in the race, and that, as the census returns show, never has the falling off been so rapid and so marked as in the decades since the Gaelic League was founded. Only the other day Mr. Cathal Brugha, the chosen president of Dail Eireann, the Sinn Fein 'Parliament,' had to declare at a Dublin Gaelic meeting that 'there was no doubt the language was dying in native speaking districts.' And if those who know the language from their infancy show so little love for it, what hope is there of forcing the English-speaking population — the vast majority of the inhabitants of the country — to take up a language altogether unsuited to modern conditions, one that would be a hindrance and not a help to them when face to face with the civilized world? It would be as easy to persuade the modern Englishman

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to go back to the language and the times of Caedmon or the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as to restore the 'communal Gaelic State' on the basis of a language that never attained its full cultural growth and that is now fading away in the few outlying districts where it is still spoken.

NATIONALIZING LITERATURE

THE Bolsheviki are usurpers, but some of the things they have done have an attractive quality. For instance, adopting Tolstoy's thesis that the common people have hitherto been unduly debarred from opportunities to enjoy the treasures of Russian literature and art, they have 'nationalized' the works of Russian authors who are no longer living. The 'nationalization' consists in appropriating the copyrights held by those authors' heirs and assigns, printing enormous editions of the works, and selling them at extremely low prices. In the case of Tolstoy's works (as he had himself repudiated all rights in them) it was only necessary to subsidize the production of an exceedingly cheap edition. That subsidy amounted to millions of rubles, and it is curious to note that the transaction was arranged with V. G. Tchertkoff, who, when he lived at a Tolstoy colony at Purleigh, in Essex, some twenty years ago, was so convinced that the use of money was immoral that his secretary had to buy his railway tickets for him when he went to London, lest he should soil his own hands by touching the accursed thing.

The works of Pushkin, Turgenev, Dostoievski, and Gogol have been similarly 'nationalized.' Klyuchevsky's historical works could not be purchased complete, just before the war, for less than 65 rubles — then equal to about £6, 10s. The Bolsheviki have reprinted them in three volumes at 1 ruble each, which, at the present rate of exchange, is less than 6*d.* a volume. An attempt to 'nationalize' the voice of Shalaputin, the great singer, has failed owing to his refusal to sing under those conditions.

The wonder to me is that the Bolshevik government of Central Russia still maintains itself; but the trouble with the Russian people just now is that they are in a backwater of depression and disillusionment. Exhausted by three years of strenuous fighting, during which from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 men were called up and some 8,000,000 casualties occurred, they plunged into a revolution which, instead of immediately bringing the millennium, has first brought chaos and anarchy, breaking the Empire to pieces and leaving the country still plunged in civil war, while the rest of the world is entering upon the security reached by fighting the war to a finish.

FRANCE AND THE PROFITEERS

THE patience of consumers has at last reached the culminating point, and as the result a Bill was introduced recently to suppress profiteering, which has grown by such great strides during the last year. As an example, I may quote a case just noted in the press. A certain lot of sugar, first sold at 175 francs (£7) per 100 kilos (two hundredweight), passed through four or five, perhaps more, intermediaries, with the result that it was put up to retail at 400 francs (£16). It may also be added that butter is now unobtainable in Paris, because the dairy shops refuse to retail it at the fixed price, saying that they are made to pay more than that at the source of supply.

It is proposed by the Bill that all who cause the inflation of prices through holding up goods and raising the price by fraudulent means shall be subject to from one month's to three years' imprisonment and a fine of from £20 to £200, or to one or other of these penalties at the Judge's discretion. The same penalties may be inflicted on those who either personally or as head of a business concern, even without the employment of fraudulent methods, but with the object of illicit speculation, have raised or attempted to raise the price of goods above the natural market value. Anyone guilty of the above offenses who was not in the business in question before January 1, 1915, is made liable to heavier penalties — namely, from one to five years' imprisonment and (or) a fine of from £400 to £4,000. During the whole period of punishment the Court will have authority to have placed in public view on the walls of the office of the guilty person a notice announcing the conviction.

It will be possible to prohibit the person convicted from carrying on any business

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or industry for five years or, for the same period, from being his own master. In the latter case he will be prohibited from serving as a junior in a concern of which he was formerly a director. An infraction of such an order will entail a fine of £200 and the closing of the establishment employing him. In the case of dealings in grain, flour, or other foodstuffs, and of drinks, fuel, or commercial chemicals, the punishment will be from two months' to five years' imprisonment and (or) a fine of from £40 to £4,000.

THE NEW AERIAL NAVIGATION ACT

Details of the control over commercial flying to be exercised by the Air Ministry are being discussed by the Ministry and representatives of the industry and the Royal Aero Club; and while on certain points there is conflict of opinion as to where interference by the State should end, a friendly and mutually helpful spirit is being shown. In short, the authorities recognize that a healthy aeronautical industry is essential to the well-being of the country, both from the defense and the commercial points of view. The bill shortly to become law will only operate till the end of the year, and by that time all parties will have gained in experience of commercial aeronautics. But the greatest enthusiasts of flying will readily admit that the cause of aviation will be better served by a little reasonable control in the interests of public safety than by laxity leading to fiasco and disaster, followed by a reaction against every form of aerial activity.

The Aerial Navigation Acts of 1911 and 1913 will continue in force. They provide for the notification of all aircraft crossing the coastline, and all aircraft from abroad landing in the United Kingdom; and they specify a large number of areas over which flying is prohibited, and illegalize crossing the coasts at all save a few points. In addition, Royal Aero Club rules prohibit flying over towns and crowds.

The regulations provided for by the new Bill will compel the registration of all pilots and passengers on every aerial journey outside the limits of an aerodrome; but it is hoped that some modification will be made in this rule, which would, it appears, involve a lot of tedious filling up of form, for every person who has half an hour's flight in the aerial environs of Cricklewood or Purley.

Some of the details as to the practical application of the powers conferred by the bill will, no doubt, be modified according to the decisions that will be made by the international conference of aero clubs about to assemble in France. Among these will be the conditions under which certificates are to be issued to pilots. These certificates are not to be confused with government licenses to carry passengers; but the two things are related at certain points, and their exact relationship cannot be determined until the Federation of Aero Clubs makes known its policy.

The Air Ministry have decided to delegate many important duties to aeronautical bodies and the manufacturers, the alternative being the maintenance of a huge staff of officials, the cost of which would scarcely commend the system to Parliament. So far from that being the policy, the Air Ministry staff is to be cut down pretty drastically. One of the most debatable matters is that of the inspection of aircraft. Under this head, and on the plea that the safety of the public is concerned, it would be only too easy to introduce a paralyzing amount of interference. The excuse would be the liability of aeroplanes to break in the air. But, as a matter of fact, this is the rarest of all causes of accidents; and even in war time, under intensive training, and with trick flying putting unfair demands upon machines, it was quite a small danger. Under peace conditions the risk would be practically non-existent, as rare as that of an axle breakage in a railway train.

But the responsibility of the aviation companies, the check secured by insurance, the heavy loss of money and reputation entailed by accidents, would be sufficient to insure safety for the public. Inspection, of course, is necessary; but the inspection will be by the manufacturers' own inspectors, these to possess certain qualifications according to an Air Ministry standard. In short, every appointment to an inspectorship will have to be submitted to the Air Ministry.

One of the difficulties is that of Customs duties. It is thought in some quarters that a way to get over this will be to remove duties on small, light commodities that

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could be easily carried on aeroplanes. The importation of forbidden drugs is another source of anxiety, but it may be pointed out that in the case of all such articles no regulations have yet entirely prevented smuggling through the Customs houses at Liverpool, Dover, and Harwich.

Whatever shape the bill may assume in its final form, there is no longer any reason to fear either that passenger carrying, or that the various interesting sporting events projected for the coming summer and autumn, will be prohibited or regulation strangled. By April 1 a number of concerns will be running enabling the general public to enjoy flights at quite moderate fares.

DISCONTENT IN THE CAMPS

THE week before last we expressed the opinion that Mr. Churchill would be well advised to break up the large military camps in the South, as some of them were hotbeds of discontent and Bolshevism. This brought us a furious letter from an officer, who accused us of libeling heroes, and who informed us that he had, in consequence, cut off his subscription to the *Saturday Review*. We do not (except very rarely) write without warrant for our words, and we read in the last number of *The Herald* (a Labor organ of extreme views) that for nearly three weeks the Kempton Park Camp has been 'on strike'; that at Battersea, Osterley Park, Woolwich, and Camberwell 'the men are seething with discontent,' and that for three weeks 'various camps at Calais have been on strike.' Among the points of the soldiers' charter, given by the same authority, is 'recognition of soldiers' committees and delegates,' which is, of course, pure Bolshevism. We don't know whether this will meet the eye of our irate correspondent. But if he is out for truth, he had better resume his consumption of the *Saturday Review*.

A WORD FROM WEEDON GROSSMITH

To the Editor of the Morning Post

SIR,—I have read with the deepest interest the series of articles appearing in the *Morning Post* relating to the reconstruction of the theatre. The subject is naturally of the greatest interest to all of us who depend upon the theatre for our living.

It is with the utmost concern that I, together with many others of my profession, have noted the extraordinary changes which have taken place in the management and general tone of the theatre during the last three or four years. I do not for one moment believe that the taste of the public is altogether to blame for the transformation which has handed over eighteen or nineteen London theatres to one class of entertainment, as is the case at the present time. In these abnormal times there are many factors at work besides the overcrowding of London, but I am convinced that it is not to the advantage of the public or the dramatic profession for one management to be in possession of four, five, or even six theatres at once, and thereby crowding out actors and actresses who do not sing or dance, thus depriving them of the means of earning a living owing to the 'multiple system' being in force in theatrical management.

Another crying evil in theatre land at the present moment is the business speculator, who takes a theatre one day at a fairly reasonable rent and lets it a few days later at an enormous profit to another business man, who again lets it at an advanced rent. These profiteering pests have made it impossible for an actor manager, unless he has a very wealthy syndicate behind him, to compete with them. So *he* has to go under. I, for one, have not acted in a London theatre for two years for this very reason. The small theatres, such as the Criterion, the Comedy, the Vaudeville, the Ambassadors, and the Kingsway, all suitable for my class of work, are running musical entertainments. The craze for bolstering up plays with music is so astounding that even a classic like *The School for Scandal* one of the most brilliant comedies ever written, is to be cut and hacked about and set to music. I suppose *Hamlet* will follow with the appalling tin kettle row of a jazz band.

For the above expressions of opinion I am quite prepared to be designated 'Victorian' and even 'old-fashioned.' My reply to all such criticisms is: 'Thank God, I am.'

Yours, etc.
Weedon Grossmith.
1, Bedford Square, W.C.

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ST. SOPHIA AGAIN

SIR, — The formation of a 'Redemption Committee' whose purpose is to start a national agitation to restore the Church of Saint Sophia at Constantinople to Christendom should not pass without protest, and, I hope, counteraction. The presence of extreme Anglicans on that committee is not surprising, but that some influential men, prominent Liberals, should have joined it is astounding.

At a time when the great movement for establishing a League of Nations is afoot and when the need is so great for that sympathetic action that shall make for the world's betterment, this committee tactlessly and mischievously starts a project which can only embitter relations between the various divisions of Christendom and the millions of Mahometans who are our fellow subjects.

Does this committee know, or has it forgotten, that the Fourth Crusaders, who, to quote Gibbon, 'were scandalized by the aspect of a mosque or synagogue in which one God was worshiped without a partner or a son,' included the ruffianly Latin Christians who looted Saint Sophia, and seated a prostitute on the throne of the patriarch? While in contrast, when Mahomet the Conqueror entered that noble fane in 1453, he struck with his sword a fanatical soldier who began to tear up the pavement. From that time to the present the cathedral has been a mosque, carefully preserved from spoliation and restoration by the Turks. Four centuries and a half of quiet possession should give security of tenure, especially when the surrender of the building to Christendom will probably bring disputes as to which sections of a divided religion shall become owners.

Perhaps the Roman Catholics will start a committee to promote the 'redemption' of the cathedrals and churches built by their forefathers in pre-Reformation times, since, in their belief, these sacred edifices are in the possession of schismatics who are, therefore, out of the pale of their communion?

Yours, etc.,

Edward Clodd.

Aldeburgh, Suffolk.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

'The Labor Unrest in Great Britain' being perhaps the most significant matter of the day, THE LIVING AGE prints for its readers the first complete account of the Government's programme. An eye-witness's story of the Glasgow strike may be found in the 'Talk of Europe' department of last week's LIVING AGE, and in the present number we have included the best analysis of a local strike that has come to hand. THE LIVING AGE will continue to put before its readers the important documents which bear upon this British situation.

* * *

We print the 'Great Debate' *in extenso* not only because we feel that our readers will like to see a reprint of a typical, important session of the French Chamber, but also because of the clear idea one gains from reading it of the extraordinary diversity of opinion in France.

Professor Paul Miljukov was one of the most distinguished supporters of the original Russian revolution, and for some time held high office in the liberal councils. The onrushing anarchy, however, soon swept him and his adherents from their places. Professor Miljukov is now in France. He has refused to enter into any parley with the Bolsheviki.

* * *

Two books on the British Navy have recently been published in Great Britain, Arthur Pollen's *The Navy in Battle* and Lord Jellicoe's *The Grand Fleet*. The first book is a criticism of the Admiralty's 'offensive-defensive' policy; the second a defense of the navy's conduct. The controversy has been discussed at length in almost every British journal of importance. **Gerard Fiennes,** of the staff of *The Observer*, has discussed the points at issue with commendable neutrality.

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TRUE JOHNNY

BY ROBERT GRAVES

(*A poem in the eighteenth-century manner*)

Johnny, sweetheart, can you be true
To all those famous vows you've made,
Will you love me as I love you,
Until we both in earth are laid?
Or shall the old wives nod and say:
'His love was only for the day:
The mood goes by,
His fancies fly,
And Mary's left to sigh?'

'Mary, alas, you've hit the truth;
And I with grief can but admit
Hot-blooded haste controls my youth,
My idle fancies veer and flit
From flower to flower, from tree to tree;
So when the moment catches me,
Oh, love goes by,
Away I fly,
And leave my girl to sigh.'

O, can you but foretell the day,
Johnny, when this sad change may be,
When light and gay you turn away,
And laugh and break the heart in me?
For, like a nut, for true love's sake
My faithful heart must crack and break;
When love goes by
And fancies fly,
Then Mary here must die.

When the sun turns against the clock,
When Avon waters upward flow,
When eggs are laid by barn-door cock,
But dusty hens do strut and crow.
When up is down, when left is right,
Why, then, I'll break the troth I plight,
With careless eye
Away I'll fly,
And Mary here may die.

Land and Water

THE LAST ROAD

All roads in London lead the one last way,
Like little streams that find a flowing river.
They find the one great road that runs forever,
Yet has no London name. They knew it, they
Who when the lamps in Oxford Street were lighted,
And starlit Thames through all her bridges moving
Velvet assumed, saw not for all their loving
These things they loved, nor heard, as uninvited,
To London revel calling Piccadilly.
But these were old, scarce sped, ere they grew strange,
And now the young, the young that road have trod
From battle home, that road with rose and lily
Of youth made sweet, and treading it exchange
The streets of London for the road of God.

The Saturday Review

MICHAEL DREAMS

BY M. ST. C. BYRNE

The lamps were lit,
And still the rain poured ceaselessly
Upon the little narrow cobbled slum-like street
And the stones glistened.

I was sad for them,
Because I knew they lay there in the rain
Dreaming of those blue magic depths
Beneath the waters of a tarn
Lost long ago,
A mountain lough in Ireland.

The Poetry Review

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